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BRADYS GO XXX

BUSH'S SECRET PLANS

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MAKE VOTING MANDATORY

The Republicans will never agree to this, of course. Their very survival is based on suppressing the vote. They know that the majority of Americans would never support the GOP's self-serving agenda: tax cuts for the rich, corporate welfare, a war for oil, etc. So the Republicans bet it all on getting out their base while suppressing the turnout of the middle and lower classes. That explains, at least in part, why so few people in this country bother to vote—even for the Presidency.

On the other hand, a staggering 95% of Australia's registered voters turn out on election day. The reason? Those who fail to cast a ballot are fined and possibly even imprisoned. Some Americans might find such penalties harsh, but consider this: Paying taxes is mandatory, as it should be. We need to collect money to help keep our nation great. Voting is no less important with regard to maintaining our form of government. Is punishing citizens who don't support our democratic process any different from punishing those who cheat on their taxes?

Making voting mandatory would be the Democrats' chance to contribute something of lasting value to our country. Sadly, they have pretty much failed to make any other contribution of note since retaking Congress a year ago.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

GET ▲DECKED

You know those old cassette tapes you have lying around gathering dust? Wouldn't it be great to turn all that stuff into digital files? Well, the **Ion Tape 2 PC USB** cassette deck lets you convert those outmoded tapes to the format of your choice. Now you can load them onto a computer and produce MP3s or burn them onto a CD. Plus, once on your computer, you can even edit the material.

Imagine listening to old radio shows or answering-machine messages from your former psycho girlfriend in digital glory. Man, she left some dirty messages.

Available at ***Firebox.com***. Suggested retail price: $149.95.

WAKE UP! ▶

How many times have you been late for work or an important meeting because you slept through your alarm? It sounds like you need the **Sonic Boom Alarm Clock**. This terrific timepiece is designed with red controls, a pulsating alert light and a 113-decibel, extra-loud alarm. Plus, the innovative device also features a supercharged bed shaker that is sure to wake your ass up.

Available at ***Firebox.com***. Suggested retail price: $39.95.

◀ IN THE MIX

The **Hercules Mobile DJ** is the first wireless, mixing mini-controller that lets you take the party with you, anywhere. With no wires to trip over, you have total mobility to dance as you DJ. The unit, which weighs a tad over one pound with batteries, features a two-deck controller for mixing, scratching and synchronizing MP3 and MA files. An added feature is a built-in bank of sound effects that includes applause, loops and more. Once the software is downloaded, and the **Mobile DJ** is plugged into a computer via a USB key, you can store and control all the tunes you'll need to get the party started. Right? Get the bash started quickly. Right?

Available at ***Hercules.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.

SKY HIGH ▶

Here's just the thing you need to waste time at the office or piss off your snooty neighbors. Featuring two tiny, remote-controlled helicopters, the **Sky Challenger Pico Z Battle Pack** is perfect for indoor or outdoor dogfights. These compact flying machines, which are easily controlled via a twin-channel transmitter that also doubles as a charger, are equipped with infrared beams so you can shoot each other down.

Available at ***Firebox.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.95.

GET AN EYEFUL ▼

Wow! Would you look at that! Not the hot chick, silly, the really cool **AV920 3D Glasses** from Icuiti. Besides allowing users to watch movies on portable DVD players or media players in crystal-clear 2-D or 3-D high resolution, the specs also work with video iPods. Thanks to a small, built-in lithium battery, up to five hours of uninterrupted viewing are guaranteed, while the glasses' ergonomic design makes them incredibly comfortable to wear. Man, they look great! And so does that hottie!

Available at ***Icuiti.com***. Suggested retail price: $349.95.

"You can run, but you can't hide, Ralph! Payback is a bitch!"

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

BACK IN BLACK

Blacksite Area 51

Manufacturer: Midway

Format: PS3

Your day would be perfect if it weren't for those giant killer space worms. Seems they are trying to destroy Earth, so you (and your troops) have been called into action to terminate the seemingly unkillable beasts. Battle on in this awesome first-person shooter game and do your best to zap those extraterrestrial pests into bait. Just do it quick! The fate of this planet rests in your hands.

ROCKIN' THE '80S

Guitar Hero Encore Rocks the 80s

Manufacturer: Activision

Format: PS2

It's time to go back to a decade packed with spandex, neon colors and high hair for the latest installment of the ever-growing ***Guitar Hero*** gaming franchise. Pick up your ax controller and rock hard through the hits of everyone from Poison, the Police, Twisted Sister, Quiet Riot, a Flock of Seagulls and many more. The '80s are back, and they're still totally awesome!

USE THE FORCE

Aqua Teen Hunger Force: Zombie Ninja Pro Am

Manufacturer: Midway

Format: PS2

It's Master Shake and Meat Wad like you have never seen them before! You can control their actions as they invade a prestigious New Jersey country club and do battle with Frylock, Carl, MC Pee Pants and other classic villains. All the characters from the Adult Swim cartoon are here! Unlike most games based on a TV hit, this one actually features dialogue and voices from the writers and creators of the show. Make sure you explore the challenging golf course, which holds the key that unlocks a never-before-seen ***Aqua Teen Hunger Force*** episode. It's delicious.

STORM THE CASTLE

Castlevania: The Dracula X Chronicles

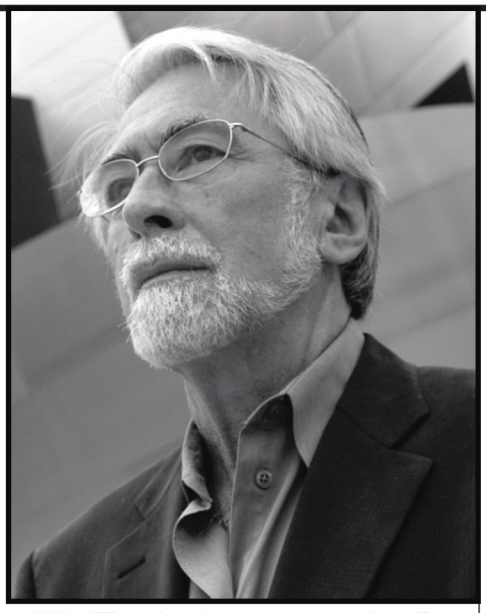
Manufacturer: Konami

Format: PSP

The action game you knew and loved as a young gamer is back. Now the missing chapter you always wanted to play, "Dracula X: Rondo of Blood," is reborn with brilliant 3-D graphics and side-scrolling gameplay for the PSP. For the first time, this version is available anywhere outside Japan. As fearless Richter Belmont, you battle your way through more than ten gothic stages and additional hidden areas, hoping to slay the maniacal Dracula once and for all. Will you succeed before the Prince of Darkness kills you?

U.S. DEVELOPING ITS STORM TROOPERS

Are U.S. Soldiers of Fortune Subject to the Rule of Law in Iraq?



What do you call a country that has been "liberated" yet is not allowed to prosecute deadly mercenaries in the employ of a foreign power? What do you call a country that has a constitution but still must honor a set of unilateral dictates foisted upon it by a conquering army that never left? What do you call a country where a foreign power is building permanent military installations even as it promises to leave whenever it is asked?

If you answered "Iraq" to all of the above, you would be correct. You would also receive full credit for the answers "a colony of an imperial power," "an Orwellian and Kafkaesque nightmare" or "George Washington's worst fears come to life." Now, for extra credit, answer this question: How are we going to end this madness?

The first step is to stop believing we are a stabilizing force in Iraq and that our government has the will, desire, sense or ability to help that destroyed nation recover. In fact, Iraq—already a basket case after generations of colonial and dictatorial misrule, several wars and a decade of international sanctions—has been so broken by the U.S. occupation that to highlight slight dips in the overall level of violence (as pro-war politicians and generals did this fall after a six-month "surge" in U.S. troop levels) is to babble happily about the free hors d'oeuvres on the deck of the sinking *Titanic*.

Consider that credible estimates of the number of Iraqi *civilians* killed by violence since the invasion in 2003 range from 79,000 (collected from news reports) to 1.2 million (from household surveys), and that American troops or U.S. taxpayer-funded mercenaries may be directly responsible for more than half of them. Yet when Americans are asked how many Iraqi civilians have died, the median answer provided is just over 9,000. We apparently cannot accept that, whatever our intentions, much of Iraq has become a killing field. No wonder, according to a September ABC/BBC poll, 60% of Iraqis—and 93% of Sunni Iraqis—believe attacks on U.S. forces are justified.

In fact, not since the desperation "free-fire zones" and "carpet bombing" of the Vietnam War has America done so much damage with so little accountability. Yet while the public support for the present quagmire has declined farther and faster than for that one, our passion to end the carnage has been dulled by the clever stratagems of a war machine that aims to protect us from really grasping what is going on "over there." For example, not only don't we have a draft—which would bring the war's consequences home to the middle and upper classes—but our military, like imperial armies of yore, is paying mercenaries to do much of the dirty work in the shadows.

All of this was scripted by the neocon hawks in the Pentagon to pursue their dreams of empire while avoiding a conscripted army, which would have millions howling in the streets by now in protest. Instead, we have checkbook imperialism: Faced with a dearth of eager candidates, raw recruits to our armed forces now receive $20,000 to $150,000 signing bonuses and cost an all-time-high average annual sum of $100,000 per person to field, while contracted, tax-funded mercenaries like those who work for Blackwater Worldwide, earn substantially more. This allows the rest of us to mostly ignore the war as if it were just another government program, albeit a particularly expensive one. ($1 trillion and counting!)

The Iraqis, of course, are unable to shrug their shoulders and ignore the all-too-tangible bloodshed on their doorstep. Instead, those who have not been killed have the choice to either join the largest refugee exodus in the world to Syria or Jordan—since the U.S. is opening its doors only to a select few—or stay and try to survive in a mad world where they face death at the hands of any number of different armies, militias, death squads, U.S. bombers (which have quintupled the number of bombs dropped per month in 2007 as compared to 2006), terrorists and infamous mercenary corporations like Blackwater—which found itself the target of an outraged-but-impotent Iraqi government in mid-September after reportedly killing up to at least 20 unarmed civilians trapped in traffic. If they turn to their police force, they will find "it is riddled with militia and corruption and should be disbanded, a panel of retired U.S. military officers has told Congress," reports the *London Times*.

Never mind that our top gun in Iraq, General David Petraeus, assured us back in 2004, "There has been progress in the effort to enable Iraqis to shoulder more of the load for their own security, something they are keen to do." It turns out that not only hasn't this come to pass, but America can't even protect its own people on the ground without hiring mercenaries. Regarding State Department security needs, "There is no alternative except through contracts" with private companies, Ambassador Ryan Crocker testified to the U.S. Senate in September.

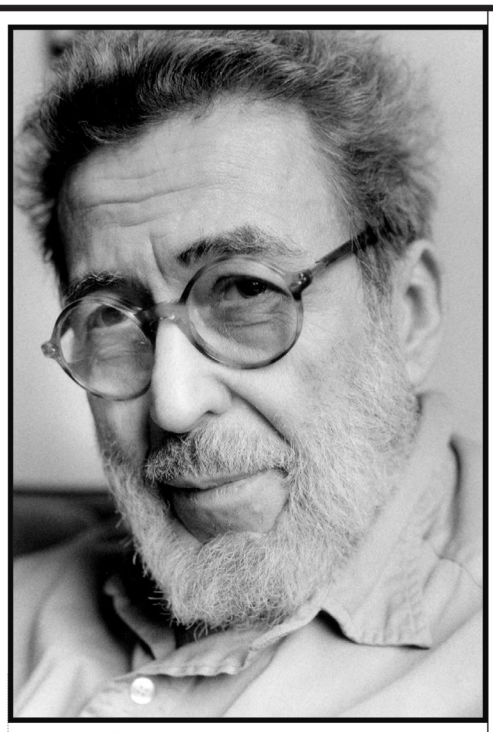
Yet when North Carolina-based Blackwater, a heavy contributor to Republican campaign coffers, got in hot water for its Wild West approach to security, it was once again clear that the rule of law and national sovereignty are moot concepts in Iraq. Order 17 of the pre-election Coalition Provisional Authority, still inexplicably in effect years after the CPA supposedly gave the Iraqi government control, establishes that foreign security contractors are immune from prosecution in Iraqi courts.

Like the French with their Foreign Legionnaires or the English with their Nepalese Gurkhas, our continuing move toward empire is being supported by a volunteer, privatized army paid to be ruthlessly efficient and to not bring any bad news home. At what point will we remember our dreams of being an enlightened and democratic republic?

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the Los Angeles Times, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor-in-chief of Ramparts magazine. Now editor of ***TruthDig.com****, Scheer has written six hard-hitting books, notably Thinking Tuna Fish, Talking Death: Essays on the Pornography of Power and Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush.*

DUBYA'S DAD, GEORGE H.W. BUSH
DON'T BLAME ME
BARBARA
CHEATED
J. Bilstein

BUSH HAS TIME TO VETO THE CONSTITUTION



In 1787, during the sweltering summer heat in Philadelphia while the delegates to the Constitutional Convention were strenuously debating the foundation of this new nation, much time was devoted to limiting the powers of the Presidency. If they did not, warned delegate Edmund Randolph—who became our first attorney general—an imperious Presidency could become "the fetus of monarchy."

Our Founders thought that they had solved that problem; but as George W. Bush has insistently proved, he is convinced the separation of powers in the Constitution do not bound him as commander in chief.

As I reported in "Can the Constitution Survive Another 9/11?" (HUSTLER, November '07), Bush's May 9 National Security and Homeland Security Presidential Directive mandates that in the event of a "catastrophic" national emergency, he will have supreme leadership of "ensuring the continuation of Constitutional government."

Since 9/11, Bush has repeatedly made clear that his national security decisions cannot be interfered with by Congress or the courts. In my November article, citing initial Presidential plans to set up internment camps in an emergency, I should have added that on January 24, 2006, Halliburton (formerly run by Dick Cheney) announced its having been awarded a government contract for "indefinite deliver/indefinite quantity" to "establish detention facilities" in the event of an emergency involving, among other things, "new programs" by the government. Congress was not consulted. (See *It Can Happen Here*, beginning on page 52.)

So far as I have seen and heard, that Presidential takeover of the government—and us—has been ignored by all the Presidential candidates and the great majority of the press. And in the seemingly endless months of the current campaign for the Oval Office, there has also been silence about the frightening sweep of Bush's July 17 Executive Order: Blocking Property of Certain Persons Who Threaten Stabilization Efforts in Iraq.

One especially consistent ringer of the Liberty Bell in warning of this executive order has been John Whitehead, who heads the Rutherford Institute in Charlottesville, Virginia, and has often long been the Samuel Adams of our time—even more than the ACLU—in exposing Bush's raids on the Constitution. (I lecture, pro bono, at his summer institute for law school students.)

Whitehead's newspaper and radio commentaries circulate widely, and on August 15—writing of the new regal executive order—he emphasized that Bush hardly sees himself as a lame duck: "Undaunted by plummeting approval records, George Bush just keeps moving forward" to transmogrify what was so carefully wrought and fought for in Philadelphia in the summer of 1787.

Whitehead's article includes a frighteningly prophetic explanation of the new July 17 executive order by the *Washington Post*'s Walter Pincus, who for decades has exposed—from inside sources—the reckless imperial overreaching of executive branch residents, especially George W. Bush.

What the President has now set in serpentine motion, Pincus emphasizes, "could cast a far bigger net to include not just those who commit violent acts or pose the risk of doing so in Iraq, but also third parties—such as *U.S. citizens*—who knowingly or *unknowingly* aid or encourage such people."

Adds John Whitehead: "In fact, the language is so broad that ordinary Americans who oppose the Iraq War could find their names on the list of persons who are perceived to be undermining 'efforts to promote economic reconstruction and political reform' in Iraq."

How will any of us know if we are charged with violation of this elastic executive order? You will get no prior notice because the President says in his order that such advance notice "would render these measures ineffectual" (Section 5). God forbid we might ask Congress what the hell is going on.

Also, moving in the shadows along with the Military Commissions Act of 2006 and Bush's July 2007 executive order—giving the CIA extensive, secret "coercive" interrogation techniques in its hidden prisons (which Bush keeps open)—no one claiming injury by this new executive order can sue since "the rule of law" has been vetoed by the President.

Section 8 reads: "This order is not intended to, and does not create any right, benefit, or privilege, substantive or procedural, enforceable in law or equity by any party against the United States, its departments, agencies, instrumentalities, or entities, its officers or employees, or any other person."

The king has spoken!

John Whitehead suggests we keep in mind—when watching a new President take the oath of office to protect and defend the Constitution—that "what George W. Bush is currently doing is preparing a toolbox of power for the next President, whomever that might be. And the Constitution be damned."

Also in the Bush toolbox for future Presidents is the previous authorization for the FBI to demand from all kinds of businesses—hospitals, colleges and other institutions—your personal records by issuing an administrative national security letter (NSL).

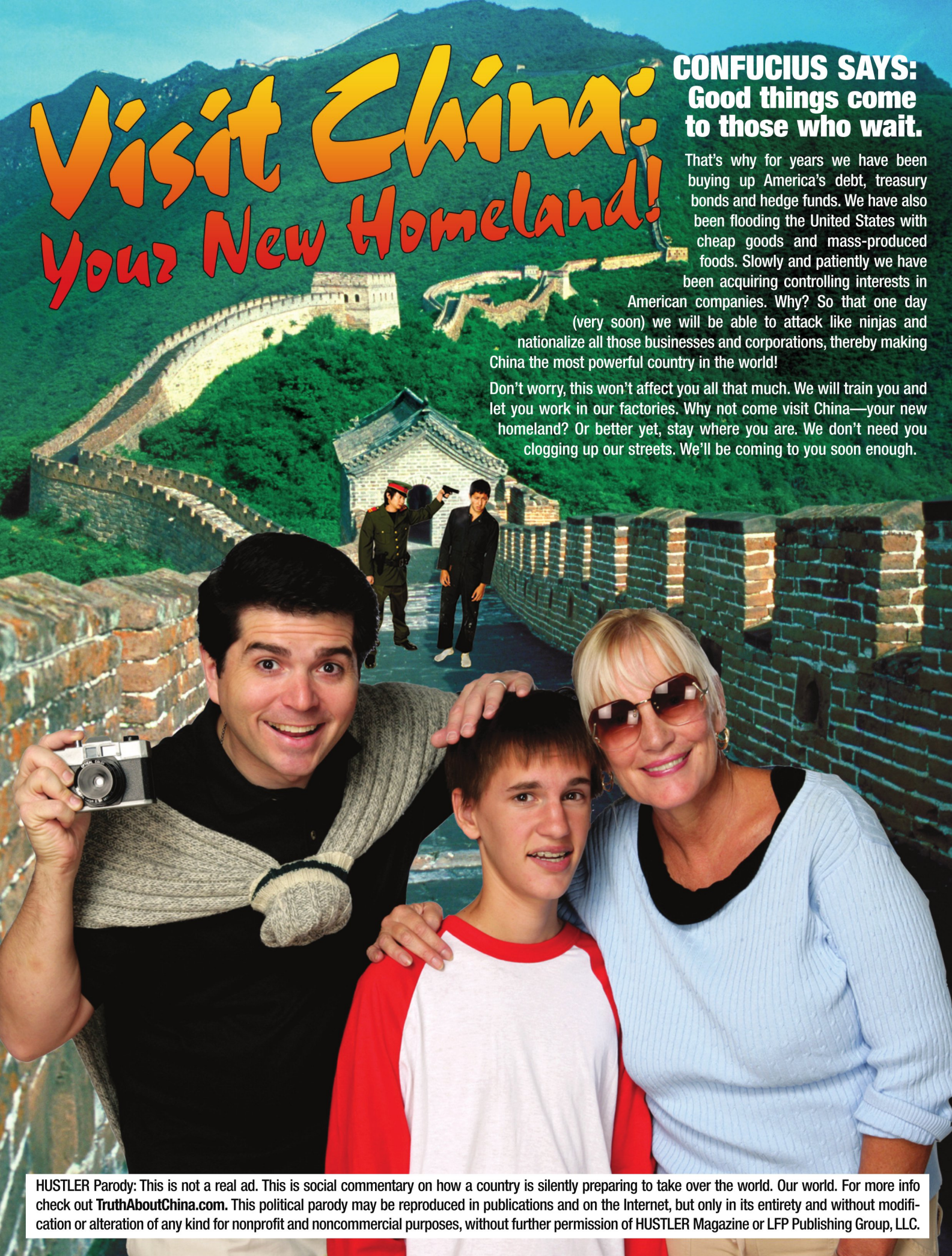
On September 6, 2007, in New York, federal judge Victor Marrero ruled even the Congress's attempt to improve and amend that act unconstitutional for several reasons: "Through the NSLs," he noted, "the government can unmask the identities of Internet users engaged in anonymous speech in online discussions [and] can obtain an itemized list of all of the e-mails sent and received by the target of the NSL."

Judge Marrero also noted that if the courts don't move against "such expansive exercises of governmental power," the many citizens who lose essential rights can only "sing a requiem and lower the flag on the Bill of Rights."

That flag no longer stands high. How long before you can't see it at all?

Nat Hentoff is a historian, jazz critic and columnist for the Village Voice, Legal Times, Washington Times, The Progressive, Editor & Publisher, Free Inquiry and Jewish World Review. His incisive books include The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America; Living the Bill of Rights; Free Speech for Me But Not for Thee; The War on the Bill of Rights; The Gathering Resistance; and, the very latest, Is This America?

SHOULD YOU EXPERIENCE AN ERECTION LASTING LONGER THAN 4 HOURS, DON'T SEE YOUR DOCTOR. GET AS MUCH OF THAT PUSSY AS YOU CAN!
WINNERS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CONFUCIUS SAYS:
Good things come to those who wait.
That's why for years we have been buying up America's debt, treasury bonds and hedge funds. We have also been flooding the United States with cheap goods and mass-produced foods. Slowly and patiently we have been acquiring controlling interests in American companies. Why? So that one day (very soon) we will be able to attack like ninjas and nationalize all those businesses and corporations, thereby making China the most powerful country in the world!
Don't worry, this won't affect you all that much. We will train you and let you work in our factories. Why not come visit China—your new homeland? Or better yet, stay where you are. We don't need you clogging up our streets. We'll be coming to you soon enough.

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Laura Ingraham

It's hard not to see perennially single Laura Ingraham as the lead character of the hit TV show *Sex and the City*, constantly on the prowl for "Mr. Big." However, unlike fictional Carrie Bradshaw, this fortysomething "journalist" is a right-wing shill and phony populist who hides behind Old Glory in order to stifle dissent. If citizens exercise their Constitutional rights to disagree with Bush, Ingraham—who can't win a debate over administration policies fair and square—resorts to playing the "treason card."

In 2006 the Fox News contributor attacked the *New York Times* for publishing a picture of then-Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld's vacation home. What a two-faced bitch! Didn't Ingraham know that Fox and other media outlets had previously disclosed its location?!

On *The O'Reilly Factor* she spewed: "They think they're being patriotic when, every day, page after page after page is devoted to what's wrong with America. … I have a different vision of what being patriotic is." Namely, being a government and corporate hit man questioning the loyalty of anyone who dissents.

When it comes to "family values," Ingraham also doesn't practice what she preaches. "Individuals without families are lost," she snarls in her latest book. Oh, really? Although the aging Ingraham has had broken engagements, she has never married or had children. In fact, the loudmouthed career woman sounds suspiciously like those "femi-Nazis" she loves to insult.

Despite an alleged penchant for sleeping around, failed relationships indicate her inability to keep a man satisfied. We can imagine Ingraham skulking around D.C. singles bars, dragging guys—increasingly younger than herself—home for wild, meaningless sex, then shrieking hysterically when told they're moving on.

Meanwhile, the holier-than-thou Ingraham rails at "our pornified culture," lamenting, "Hugh Hefner and Larry Flynt…are guilty of cultural fraud and untold moral outrages… [and] have legitimized filth." No, Laura, sex is only filthy when *you* do it.

Although Ingraham masquerades as a "friend of the people," this hypocritical blowhard has always defended the power elite. In her new book, the "populist" pretender co-opts the 1960s slogan "power to the people."

But does Ingraham really believe in people power? On Election Day 2006 the radio talk show host incited her zombie listeners to jam the Democrats' voter help line. In other words, she tried to subvert our electoral process! In fact, Senator Patrick Leahy (D-Vermont) asked the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division to investigate Ingraham for voter fraud.

Ingraham's devious meddling began at the hoity-toity Ivy League school Dartmouth. As editor of the conservative rag *The Dartmouth Review*, she assigned a reporter to infiltrate the Gay Students Association, then outed members by publishing transcripts of their meetings. Even more cruel, secretly recorded tapes were sent to the gays' parents. Apparently lacking the compassion gene, Ingraham did all this despite reports that she has a homosexual brother.

Ingraham eventually became a speechwriter and adviser for the Reagan regime, then a law clerk for Clarence Thomas. One can only wonder how the young-and-single Ingraham might have reacted to the Supreme Court justice's purported discussions about sex. Or if it was *her* pubic hair Thomas found on that infamous Coke can.

Blasting the judiciary in her new tome, Ingraham decries that "all it takes is five life-tenured justices on the Supreme Court to overturn the will of the people." But nowhere does the double-dealer criticize the Supremes' awarding of the Presidency to the loser in 2000. Hmmm, could this be because it was her former boss, Thomas—appointed by George W. Bush's pappy—who cast the deciding vote?

In the '90s Ingraham was hired by New York-based Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom. Did the legal beagle represent consumers or poor people pro bono? No, this self-appointed "champion" of the little guy/gal defended white-collar criminals! In 2006, according to *The American Lawyer*, Skadden was the nation's top-grossing law firm, with almost $2 billion in revenues. Hey, Laura, how fucking elitist can you get?!

On *Larry King Live*, the out-to-lunch neocon attacked embryonic stem cell research. "It's about destroying life if you believe that embryos are human beings," harped Ingraham, who was diagnosed with breast cancer in 2005. It is ironic karma that this antiscience GOP hack is reaping what she has sown.

Regarding true love of country, we agree not with dictatorial slimebags like Laura Ingraham but with Thomas Jefferson: "The spirit of resistance to government is so valuable…that I wish it to be always kept alive."

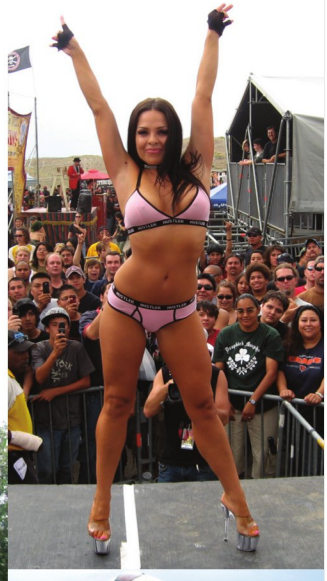
PHOTO BY HOWARD BRIER (HOWARD N2GOT)

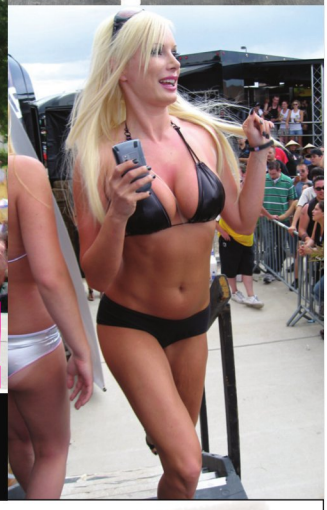
Farts in the Wind

• Fox "News" propagandist **Chris Wallace**, son of *60 Minutes*' Mike Wallace, impugned the patriotism of Congressman Ron Paul (R-Texas) during September's GOP Presidential debate. Paul argued that Washington's longstanding Middle East policy explains militant Islam's hostility to this country, that the Iraq War has made America "less safe" and that "we should mind our own business, bring our troops home." Paul also cited bin Laden's pre-9/11 *fatwa* warning the U.S. to withdraw its troops from Saudi Arabia. Debate im-moderator Wallace snorted: "You're basically saying that we should take our marching orders from al-Qaeda?" In this case, the reportorial apple has fallen far from the tree.

• Bush's ex-spokesliar **Ari Fleischer** is best known for telling Bill Maher to "watch what you say." Now Fleischer is spearheading a $15-million-plus radio/TV pro-Iraq War ad campaign called Freedom's Watch. On *Hardball*, Fleischer was unable to name the disabled veteran used as a prop in one of its commercials. In another agitprop ad, Freedom's Watch repeats the lie linking 9/11 to Iraq. As Bush's mouthpiece, Fleischer often cackled that same canard. Of course, chicken hawk Ari never served in uniform. We say, send Fleischer to Iraq's front lines.

"It's called executive power, Condoleezza. You *have* to blow us!"





HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD Rocks Ozzfest!

THIS YEAR'S OZZFEST BOASTED a lineup with Hatebreed, Circus Diablo and Ozzy Osbourne, among others, but the audience was most riled up over some girls in panties. Judging from the crowd's reaction to the lingerie show sponsored by HUSTLER Hollywood, our gals kicked as much ass (if not more) than most of the bands.

POLITICAL PARTNERSHIP

DISTRAUGHT-MOTHER-TURNED-POLITICAL-POWERHOUSE Cindy Sheehan recently stopped by HUSTLER headquarters to chat with Larry Flynt about her upcoming run for Speaker Nancy "impeachment is off the table" Pelosi's seat in the House of Representatives. We urge all voters in California's 8th District (San Francisco) to cast ballots for Sheehan because she is willing to stand up to Bush and effect real change in this country.

PORN FROM THE PAST

THANKS AND $150 go to T.D. of Larochemillay, France, for this sampling of vintage lust. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"Men wake up aroused in the morning. We can't help it. We just wake up, and we want you. And the women are thinking, 'How can he want me the way I look in the morning?' It's because we can't see you. We have no blood anywhere near our optic nerve." —ANDY ROONEY, TV CURMUDGEON

"Anticipation makes the hard-on longer." —ITSBY STEVINTARY, WRITER

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Claudia Schiffer LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

WE HAVE LONG WONDERED what this statuesque supermodel would look like with a mouthful of man meat. Sadly, only a few guys—including that douchebag magician David Copperfield—have seen the awesome event for real. So we present this photo. Work it, girl!

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Claudia Schiffer actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. None whatsoever. Except maybe masturbation.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

JIM GOAD'S GIGANTIC BOOK OF SEX

If you're looking for a hilarious book packed with cartoons, essays and commentary about our favorite subject—sex—then this is it! Included in the occasional HUSTLER contributor's quick read are such morsels as "10 Tips Toward a Tighter Pussy," "Leggo My Preggo," "Nunfucker" and "Strange Sex Laws."

Jim Goad's Gigantic Book of Sex is available at bookstores everywhere.

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"

NEWSBITES

Animal Attraction

Vermont is famous for its dairy farmers, but dairy fuckers?! Seems that a Barre resident with a history of sexually molesting cattle was arrested in a barn recently for having sex with a cow. The "animal lover" was charged with a misdemeanor and paid a $601 fine for his udder madness. We all know that milk does a body good, but this?!

Banana Bandit

Here's a story that truly is bananas. A thief in India was forced by police to eat 50 bananas as a laxative after swallowing a necklace he'd stolen. When that failed to dislodge the evidence, the suspect was fed rice, chicken and bread, which eventually caused him to expel the necklace. Man, what a shitty thief!

Roadside Attraction

Here's taking that Beatles classic "Why Don't We Do It in the Road?" a bit too literally. An amorous couple were pulled apart and arrested for having sex on the pavement of a busy thoroughfare in Poland. As the lovebirds explained, they just couldn't help themselves. We don't blame them. After all, not being able to finish a sexual dalliance could definitely cause road rage.

Bare Beer

No need to travel to "merry" England any time soon for a night of drinking. It seems uptight officials have banned the sale of a popular Belgian beer—not because the imported brew was bad, but rather because the bottle was deemed offensive. The label of Rubbel Sexy Lager features a babe in a swimsuit that can be scratched off, leaving her naked. A brewery lets you disrobe a woman while guzzling its fine beer? We'll drink to that!

Sign of the Times

HAS RADIO HOST DON IMUS found a new line of work? Thanks to B.M. of Fullerton, California, for this humdinger.

If you spot a funny sign, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, "Sign of the Times," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for a hundred bucks.

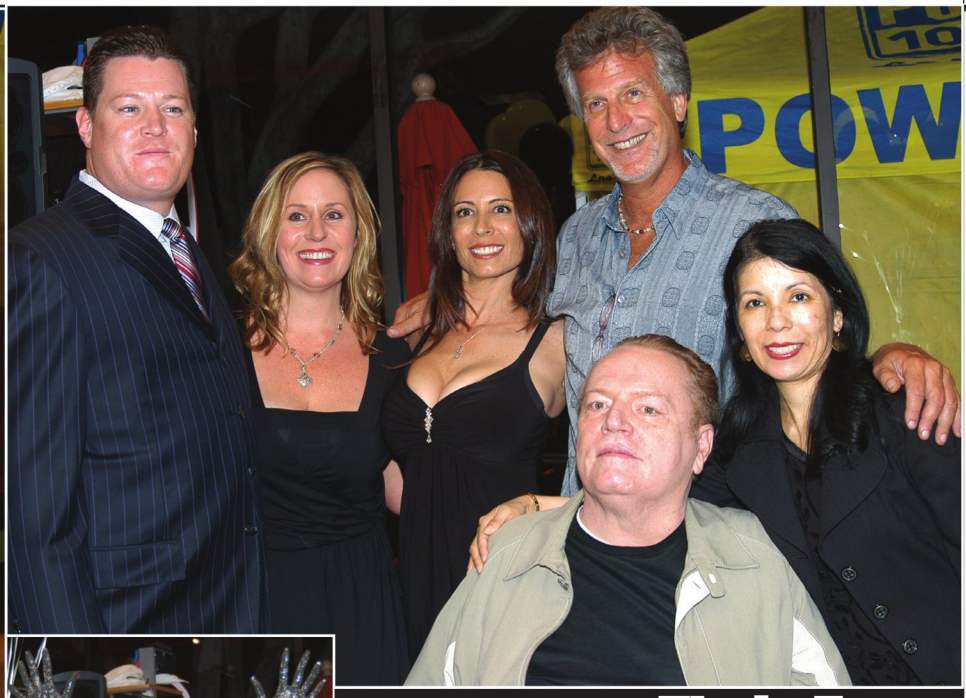
HUSTLER Club Girl #7

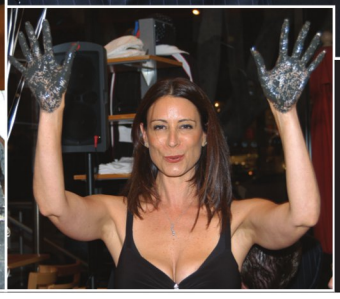
A TRUE FANTASY, this dark and lovely young lady works it hard at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club in Cleveland. Aptly named, Fantasy shares a sexual fantasy of her own: "I want to go down on another girl." Grab your sweetheart and head over to see one of Ohio's hottest dancers!

Everybody Loves HUSTLER

INCLUDING MÖTLEY CRÜE bassist Nikki Sixx, the only righteous rocker to ever grace this mag's cover. Check out our exclusive interview, beginning on page 98.

"We have reason to believe that man first walked upright to free his hands for masturbation." —LILY TOMLIN, COMIC





Their Fame

THE HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD store in Los Angeles has welcomed two more luminaries into its Walk of Fame: retired porn goddess Christy Canyon and actor-turned-director Paul Thomas. Besides industry figures, several members of the Flynt family were on hand as the XXX legends left their marks for posterity.

Let's NOT Get Physical.

HERE IS a picture from radical feminist Diana Russell's Web site. You may remember this outspoken extremist, who's proclaimed, "I wish that Flynt's would-be murderer had been a better shot," and "I wish Larry Flynt had never survived his mother's womb." For those comments we have always wanted to give Russell a good tongue-lashing. Looks like our adversary beat us to it. We also wonder what Russell was thinking by posting these images and if she realizes that freedom of speech applies to everyone.

NEWS BABES

THIS MONTH'S PICK is Caroline Lyders from WISN (Channel 12) in Milwaukee. One look at this short-haired seductress—submitted by reader T.V.—and you'll find yourself getting hard over hard news.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER, "News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

"Masturbation: the primary sexual activity of mankind. In the 19th century it was a disease; in the 20th it's a cure." —THOMAS SZASZ, PSYCHIATRIST/LIBERTARIAN

Chat With
REAL GIRLS NOW in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER PERSONALS

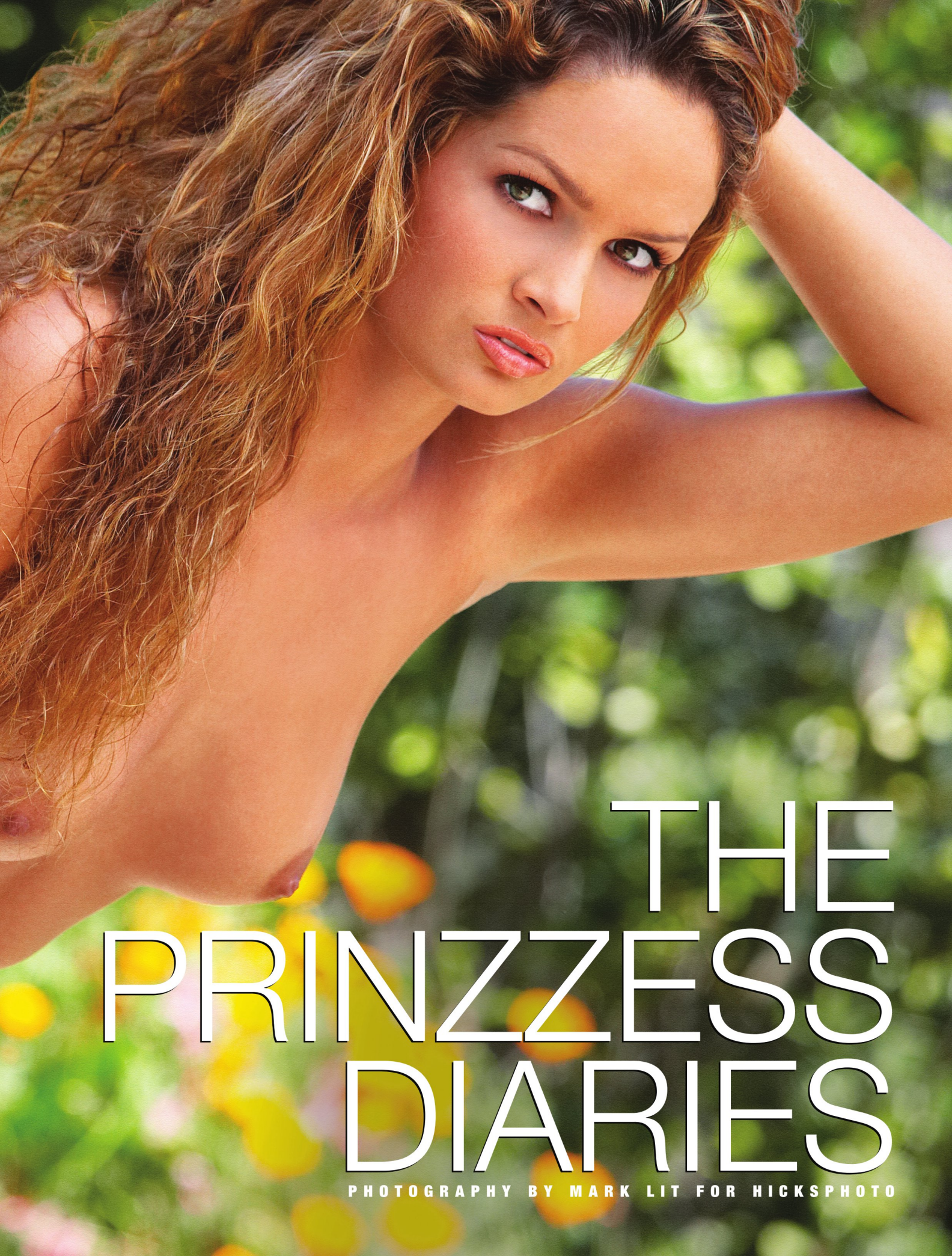
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU

You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE

PRINZZESS SAHARA


THE
PRINZZESS
DIARIES
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO

How does a bikini model get into HUSTLER? "I just took it off," the perfect **Prinzzess** replies with a laugh. "Nude modeling was such a natural transition because I love displaying my body. At first I was a bit too shy to show off all my goods, but with a little coaxing and encouragement, here I am! Plus, the money is so much better."

Although **Prinzzess Sahara**'s adult career is taking off, across-the-board hard-core may have to wait. "Right now I love being photographed and playing around with girls and toys on film," she tells us. "Having sex with a guy at home is great, but working with a man I've never met before? I'm not sure if I'm ready for that just yet."

So what can a Romeo expect when **Prinzzess** is ready to play? "I'm very experimental," the Florida native confides. "I believe that you have to try everything and then decide what works best for you. The missionary position is fine, but if you do that all the time, you'll be bored. I think of sex as a buffet, and I love to have a little of this and that."

See the **Prinzzess** wear less in *Can You Be a Pornstar? #7* and *#8* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

Finally, we had to ask how the stunning creature came up with the unconventional spelling of her name: "There are a lot of princesses out there in the world, but only one me. Only one *special* **Prinzzess**."

PRINZZESS SAHARA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Marco Island, Florida
AGE: 22
BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius
HEIGHT: 5-4

SPUNKY TRAVELOGUE

I was on my knees, nuzzling his nut sac and nipping it with my teeth. His fuckstick was harder than I had ever seen it—long, thick and smooth. With my hand wrapped tight around his log, I could feel the veins pulsing. God, I love cock!

Slowly, ever so slowly, I tongued my way up his slammer to his fat prick cap and spit. Several times. Then I nursed on his peckerhead while my generous load of saliva trickled down the shaft. James groaned. I waited—waited till he was bucking his hips, trying to press more of his dick between my lips.

At last, in one deep lunge, his crown pushed into my mouth, and I swallowed the man whole. Wanting him to feel my throat muscles clutching his boner, I swallowed over and over. Then all of a sudden I backed off and started nuzzling at his balls again.

I had James pinned against a tree, on the edge of a cliff, at Patrick's Point. Far below us, waves crashed into the shore. We were no more than ten yards from the hiking trail, but it was mid-October, and the number of campers and hikers had thinned. Still, there was a chance of getting caught, and it somehow made the sex better, more intense.

James and I had been on a mission, fucking and sucking our way across the USA. We'd taken a two-month leave of absence and, so far, had hit 32 states. En route we'd made love in every major park and every national monument. Sometimes we even tried to make things state-appropriate: You know, exhibitionism in the Show-Me State, golden showers in the Golden State. We laughed when we found out that Oregon was the Beaver State. Who knew?

Now we were backtracking through California before heading home to Colorado. Naturally, neither one of us wanted to return to our dismal jobs and day-to-day, ho-hum reality. So we were stalling at some of our favorite spots one more time.

Patrick's Point definitely qualified—majestic Sitka spruce and hemlock, awesome campsites, an agate beach. We'd been hiking the Rim Trail, reminiscing about the great sex we'd had on our trip, and all that chitchat made me horny as fuck. I started visualizing James yanking out his fat, eight-inch cock, and suddenly I had to have him in my mouth.

So I tackled him against that tree, tore down his jeans and started on the blowjob you came in on. I swear, I was giving it my all, determined to make it his best yet. After a long, teasing intro, I got down to serious deep-throating and suction. My cheeks caved in around his woody, and my lips touched his pubes with every thrust.

Sensing he was getting close—I can always tell with James; his muscles tense—I started fingering his bunghole lightly, then not so lightly. The man was now moaning nonstop and telling me how good it was.

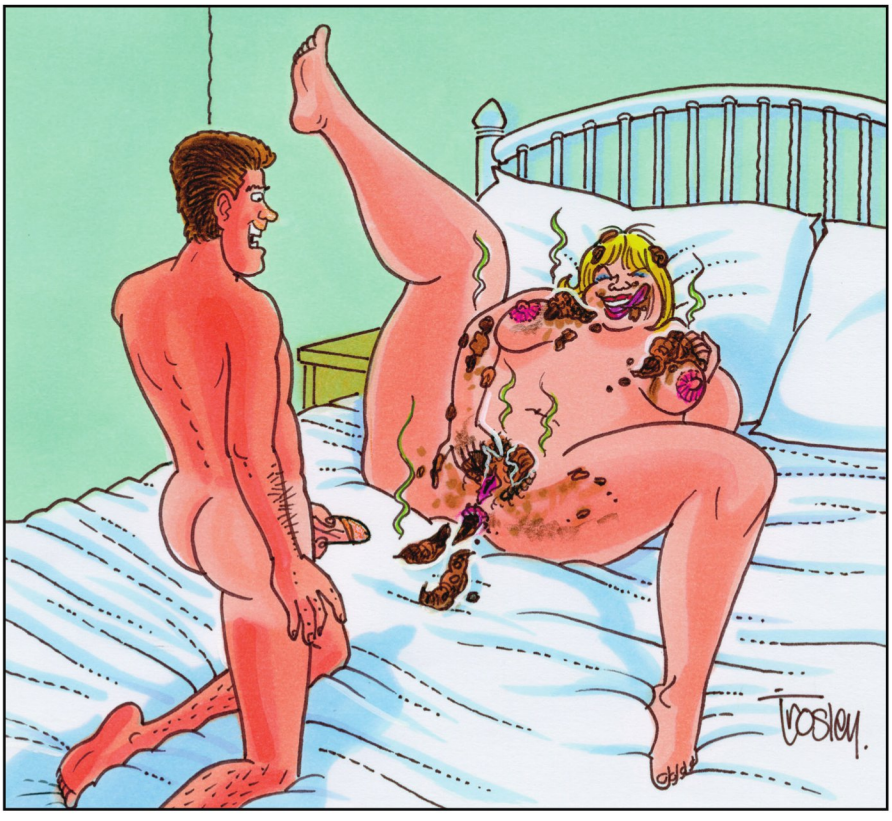
Jamming my finger all the way into his pooper, I pulled my head back and started fisting his pole hard and fast. I kept my eyes open 'cause I wanted to see his jizz spray. Then—*splat!*—all over my face. I aimed his spunk over my cheeks, my chin, before savoring the last of his salty load on my tongue.

I was still sucking James's meat when we heard something, a noise other than the waves and the wind. Swiveling on my knees, I caught sight of a couple of hikers spying on us from behind some brush and clapping their hands. Soon a petite blonde and a stocky, muscular guy sheepishly emerged. The fact that they already had their jeans open told me they'd been watching for a while.

It was James who suggested they join us. Maybe they were interested in a little fourway? The blonde begged off, but then, just as we were about to part, she stopped us and, stammering, asked if maybe we'd like to just watch them go at it. Hell, why not?

Damn, I even learned a trick or two. That pint-sized beauty did this thing where she pressed her face into her boyfriend's ass and expertly rimmed him while reaching around and giving him a two-fist handjob. It ranked among the most impressive sights of our cross-country trip! — J.L.

DENVER, COLORADO

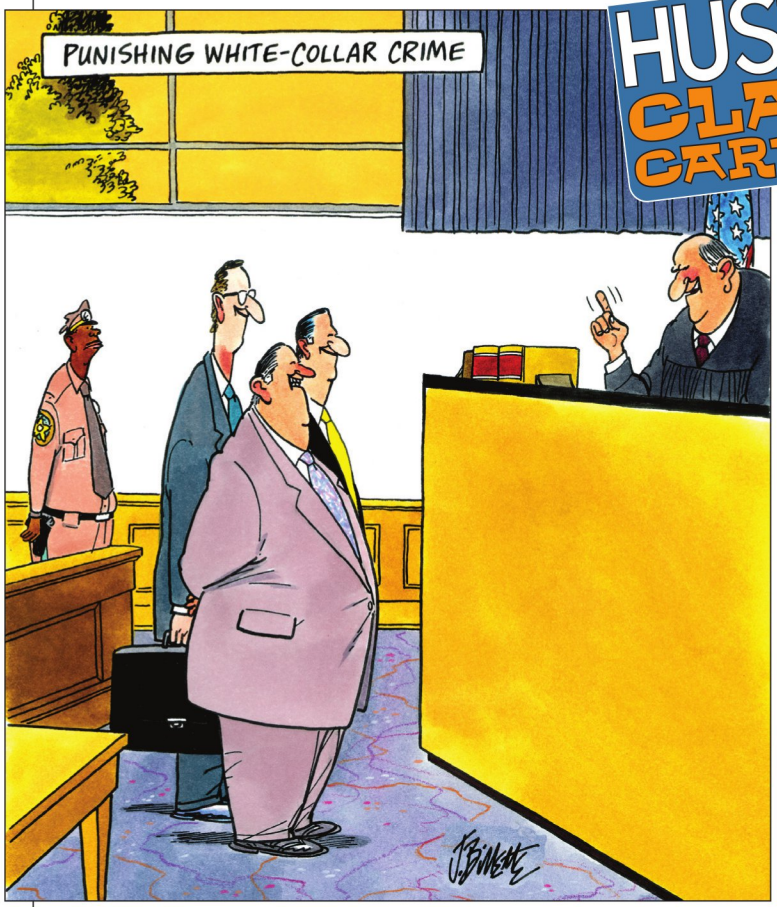


"I never thought sex was dirty until I met you!"

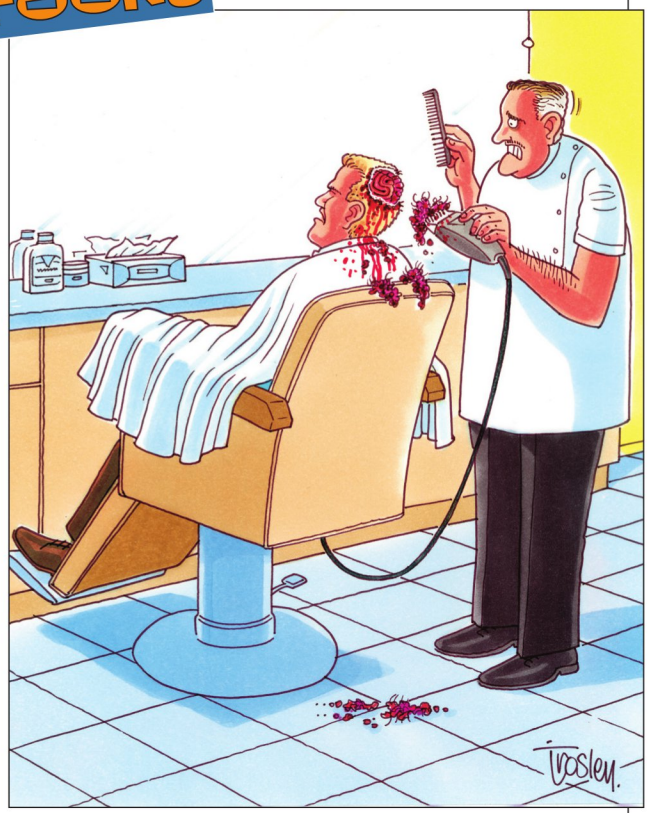
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"*National Geographic*, *Time*, crossword puzzles. What kind of sick fucker did I marry?!"

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



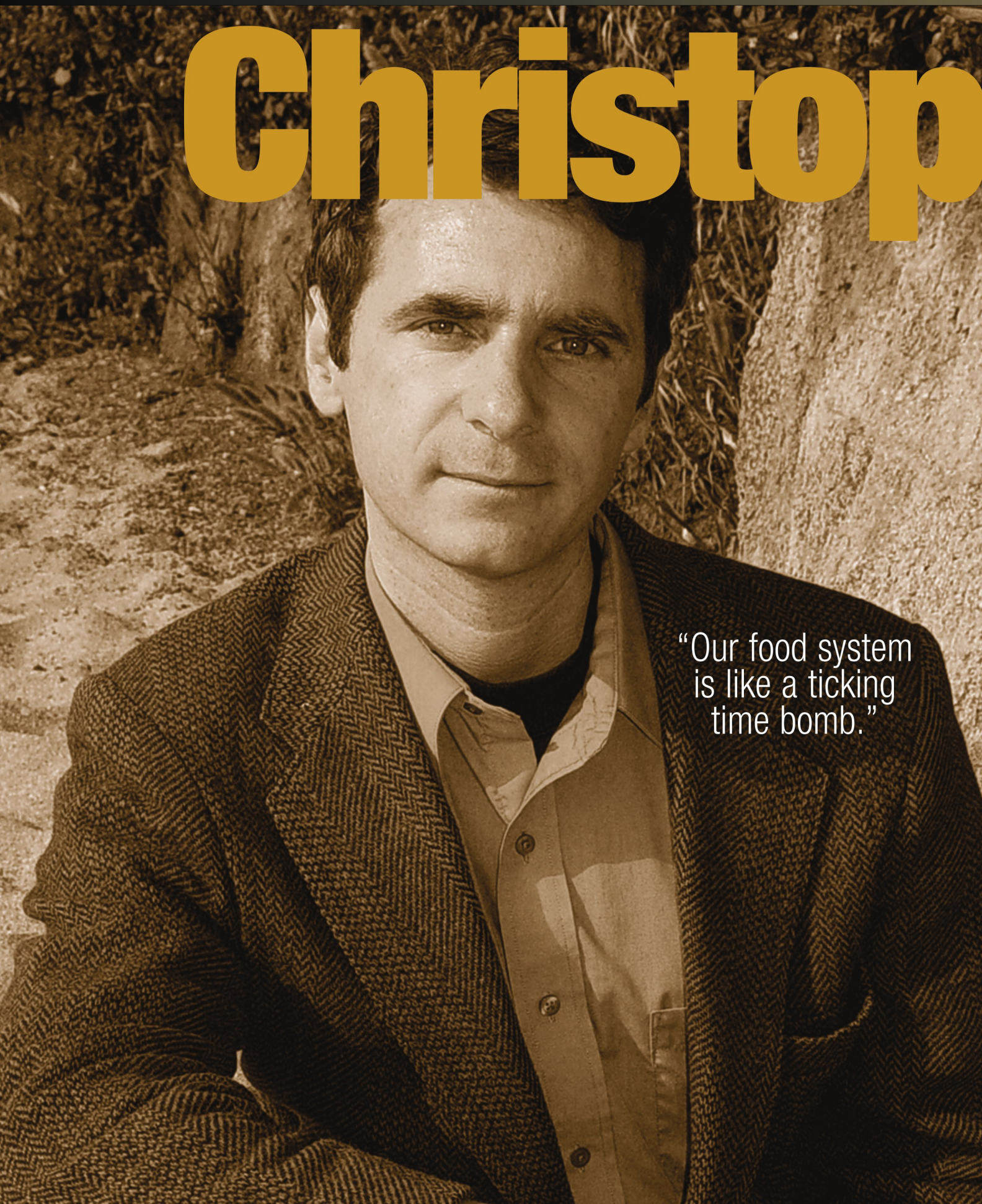
"Whereas you have been found guilty of stealing millions from your employees and investors, the court sentences you to promise to try not to do anything like that again."



"And don't take too much off the back!"

"I'm wearing this ribbon to raise public awareness of my penis."

Christop



her Cook:

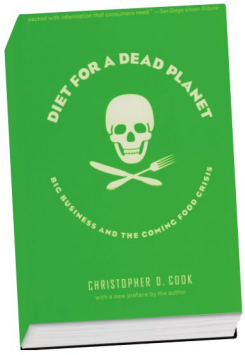
YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID & ED RAMPELL

JOURNALIST CHRISTOPHER COOK is a 21st-century version of Upton Sinclair, the muckraker who wrote *The Jungle*, a hard-hitting exposé of the putrid conditions in Chicago's meatpacking industry 100 years ago. In the San Francisco-based author's new book, *Diet for a Dead Planet: Big Business and the Coming Food Crisis*, the aptly named Cook explains what's wrong with our food supply and offers a recipe for changing what we eat and how it's produced, consumed and sold.

HUSTLER: What inspired you to write *Diet for a Dead Planet*?

CHRISTOPHER COOK: I came across a really remarkable story in Missouri, where welfare programs were basically coercing recipients to work in meatpacking plants and chicken factories. They were told that if they didn't take these jobs, they'd lose their welfare benefits. As I learned more about how our meat is produced, it really shocked me in terms of the abuse and exploitation of these workers, who are mostly immigrants, economically desperate [and] not well-represented by unions. They were losing fingers and limbs on the job, [and were] forced to continue working when they needed to go to the bathroom and to pay for legally required protective gear on the job. Twenty to 30 percent of the workers got injured yearly. Meanwhile, they lived pretty isolated, destitute lives in meatpacking and chicken factory towns across the South and Midwest.



I also met farmers and learned they're going through a pretty drastic time today in the marketplace in terms of their inability to compete with large-scale agriculture and food corporations that are running more and more of America's system of food. We're losing a farmer every half-hour in this country. More than 15,000 farmers a year go out of business, victims of a marketplace that's not equitable.

Look at the concentration of agriculture and food—a small handful of corporations in most major food groups now control most of the production, processing and supermarkets. Five corporations control almost half of all supermarket sales in the country today.

The villain here is agribusiness?

Pretty much. This economic concentration, control and centralization over our food system [is] in the form of large food-processing corporations and the giant corporate supermarket and fast-food chains. They virtually control every aspect of food because they control who's farming what and at what price they're going to sell it. They control the grain elevators that set the prices for the farmers who farm our grain. These corporations essentially control every access point into the marketplace other than farmers' markets and community shareholder agriculture, where consumers can interact directly with farmers.

They also have increasing political control because the industry associations and large food corporations concentrated their clout, which impacts the regulatory system and food policy. When Bush came into office, the meat industry lobbied the Environmental Protection Agency to stop enforcing the Federal Clean Air Act on these large factory farms—huge warehouses of tens of thousands of animals. The government agreed to come up with a program, largely written by the industry, that gave them a free pass on the Clean Air Act for several years while they continued to study this problem. However, they already had ample evidence that these factory farms, through incredible amounts of manure production, create really serious air pollution. Residents living near these facilities get chronically ill with respiratory disorders, skin problems and nausea because of these fumes.

The meat industry is also the worst polluter of America's water, producing 1.3 billion tons of waste from these factory farms, much of which pours into rivers and streams across this country, literally killing tens of millions of fish.

Your book is called *Diet for a Dead Planet*. Does the title indicate that the way we are eating is killing Earth?

That's right. The diet we're on as a country is the result of how our food policies are set up to benefit large-scale agriculture in the form of taxpayer subsidies that go predominately to agribusiness.

The meat industry is a huge indirect beneficiary of our tax dollars because we're subsidizing the relatively very low price for grain and soy, chiefly used as prime ingredients in animal feed for the livestock industry, a phenomenal polluter of the environment.

But it's also about our health—around two-thirds of the country is overweight. Amongst kids and teenagers, rates skyrocketed since the 1970s, when it was about 4%; obesity now hovers above 16% for youth.

It's incredibly troubling if you look at health problems that come out of this same diet: 200,000-plus Americans die annually from diabetes, heart disease, etc. Seventy-six million Americans get sick yearly; 5,000-plus die from tainted food and food-borne illnesses.

Is it better to be a vegetarian?

Unfortunately, vegetarians aren't immune from this destructive, industrial agriculture system. E. coli bacteria do not form naturally on scallions and spinach—they come from the guts and excrement of livestock. In many cases large livestock farms can very easily pollute nearby irrigation

water canals and get into the groundwater.

Our food system has become so greatly centralized that any time there's a little bit of tainted food, it gets proliferated into the food system. When there's a massive spinach farm that picks and packages spinach sent out across the country, you've created a very proliferated problem with food poisoning, instead of isolating it. If we had smaller and midsize farms, instead of these huge industrial farms and industrial processing and packaging facilities that centralize the food, we'd be in much better shape. For the past 30 years tainted food poisonings have been on the rise. The concentration of animal agriculture and huge feed lots packing all these animals together become breeding territories for very nasty toxic bacteria, which get into our systems and make us sick.

The processing of this meat is a key culprit in the spread of some of these bacterial problems because agribusiness mixes thousands of animals and animal parts into these single facilities. This exacerbates the potential for the spread of these contaminants into the food supply, especially with ground beef. Meanwhile, we have less and less regulators on assembly lines watching over the food and faster assembly lines producing the food.

A growing number of people in this country are apparently dying from Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease, many of them linked to mad cow disease. Are we headed for an epidemic?

We're still testing just a tiny fraction of the overall meat supply, whereas countries such as Japan examine just about every single cow that goes into the food system. We're examining about 350,000 cows out of 35 million that go into the food supply. The cattle industry resisted universal testing for mad cow disease.

When we had a couple cases a few years back in the headlines, under the Bush Administration, the USDA resisted calls for expanded testing. They finally relented and rolled out a couple of phases of increased testing at still phenomenally low levels. Even though the feeding of cow parts to cows is banned in this country, there are still animal proteins and cow's blood in the food supply. The regulation of these mills where animal feed is processed is very minimal. So there's all sorts of problems in the regulatory system that should really be cause for alarm, given the fact that many people have started to die or get very seriously ill from Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease. Our food system is like a ticking time bomb.

It would cost roughly a nickel extra per pound to require universal testing for mad cow disease in this country—yet the beef industry, with its slogan "What's for dinner?," resists the push toward universal testing.

What about food imports?

I don't think that's any more of a fear than the food produced in our own country. Whether it's domestic or international, testing for pesticide residue is minimal and shoddy in many cases. Illegal levels of pesticide residue are found on food by different consumer groups and scientists who study this. We're seemingly allergic to regulation, but it's not the people who stop regulation—it's industry groups and the power they have in Washington and at state governments.

How does the food crisis fit into the bigger picture of globalization?

One of the worst examples is corn. With a combination of the National Association of State Departments of Agriculture and our food subsidy program making corn so cheap, Mexico's market has been flooded by cheap American corn, impoverishing countless Mexicans, driving Mexican farmers away from producing one of their most important staples.

More and more folks in those rural communities flee this economic deprivation and come into the U.S. to, in many cases, work in meatpacking and chicken processing plants. What do they do? Cut up animals raised on the same subsidized cheap corn confronting their market.

There are many other examples around the world. We see in Africa problems with American cotton, a heavily subsidized crop that undercuts cotton production in a number of African countries, further impoverishing cotton farmers there, making it harder for them to survive and compete.

We find the increasing global concentration of agribusiness and large corporations. For instance, Cargill, Archer Daniels Midland, Monsanto—they have holdings and subsidiaries across the world, which gives them an astounding global reach and not as clear an interest in supporting American agriculture and American farmers at a smaller level. Corporations have become less and less accountable to either the U.S. government or American farmers.

What is the cattle industry's impact on the rain forest?

The proliferation of meat and fast-food industries into South America has created this incentive to rip apart much of the rain forest to grow feed for livestock. Certainly there's already an appetite in Latin America for meat, but this increasingly globally concentrated meat industry drives the scale of production that encourages ecological evisceration, the destruction of the rain forest.

What's your position on genetically modified food?

It's a serious problem in terms of its impact on farmers. GMOs [genetically modified organisms] pollute crops, getting into seeds carried by wind, tainting non-GMO foods in nearby fields, thereby indirectly controlling what other farmers grow as well.

These foods can introduce new allergens into the food system by the mixing of different foods together with this technology. Not labeling what's actually in these foods [is problematic]. Even if you say something is GMO, you're not saying, "What's in that GMO food? For instance, is there a Brazil nut mixed with something else in that food?"

There are so many people who have nut allergies; they can eat something that seems perfectly free of those ingredients and have serious allergic reactions because it's been mixed at the scientific GMO level with something you had no idea was in your food. The important thing to say about GMOs is that they're not necessary. We already produce more than enough food across the globe to feed everybody on this planet.

There's been a rush into genetically modified foods without proper scientific and environmental reviews. We've had environmental lawyers drag these corporations, such as Monsanto, into court to say, "No, you're not going to just run roughshod over the food system, nature and farmers. You can't start producing this without adequate environmental and scientific review." Why would we be producing something we don't need that contains clear risks to our health, the environment and ultimately to the future sustainability of farmers and their independence?

The answer's clear: economic control and opportunity for those corporations. They want international control over the kind of seeds farmers use and to ensure that farmers purchase the seeds and accompanying toxic pesticides from them. We've seen very high-profile disputes in India and other parts of the world where farmers resist GMO seeds, and the imposition of GMO agriculture in Africa.

Looking at the environmental big picture, how does the food crisis fit into the context of global warming?

That's an important issue that's starting to get a little attention, but not enough. The meat industry produces very serious air pollution, particulate matter, ammonia, hydrogen sulfate and methane gases at really startling levels. In agricultural areas such as California's Central Valley, air pollution is worse than any other part of this country. The biggest contributor to air pollution there is the farm industry through this combination of gas coming out of large dairy operations. Dust pollution comes from these massive industrial farms and the heavy machinery they rely on.

If we're talking about destroying the rain forest

in the Amazon and other parts of the world in the name of producing feed for livestock and ethanol ingredients, then we're reducing the very things we need to fight global warming.

What's your own diet?

(*Laughs.*) As healthy as I can make it, within reason. I eat organic as much as possible. I go to the farmers' market as much as possible, so I'm shopping locally and buying directly from the farmer, giving the farmer all my food money instead of having it disbursed by either a company, market or large food corporation. It's going directly to the person who's farming.

Consumers certainly can play a role in preparing their own diets, eating more fruits, vegetables and organics. But the infrastructure of food in this country on the local level is not what we'd like it to be. We see more fast food restaurants and advertising than farmers' markets, more concentrated supermarket chains than locally, regionally oriented markets that might feature more organic food, which is still at a price that's not affordable for many Americans.

It's not that organic food is overpriced—it's just not subsidized, not supported by our tax dollars the way other foods are. Processed and junk food are the cheapest foods in the market, calorie per calorie, because they contain primarily subsidized ingredients—corn and soy.

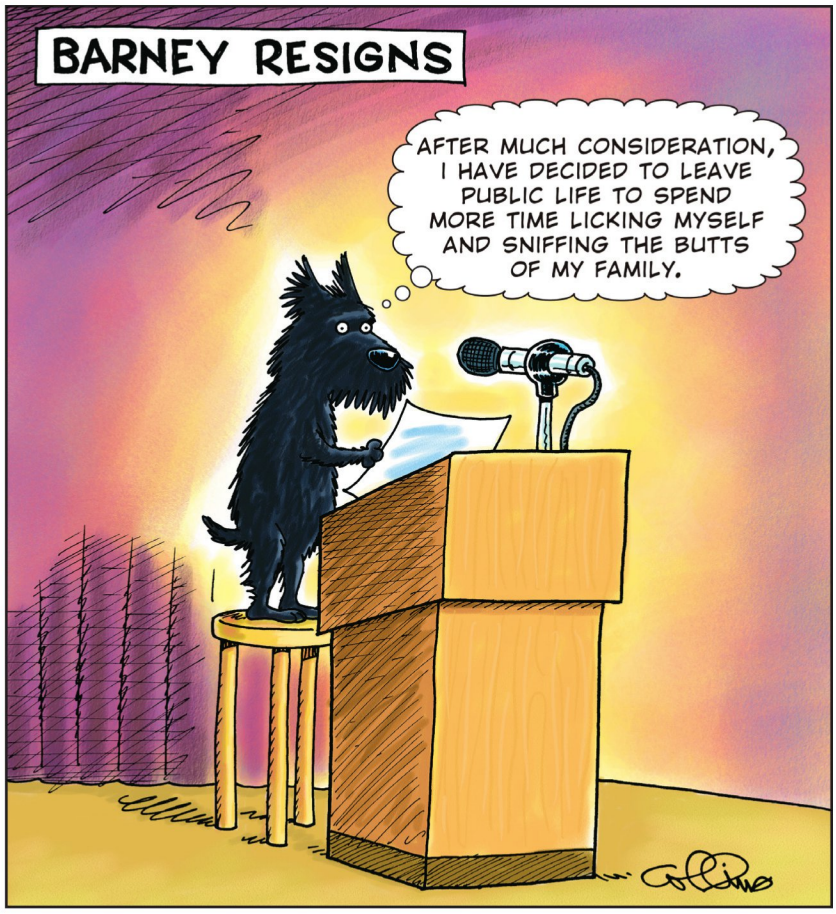
We really need national, state and local policies that encourage this direction. We don't want to put it all on the consumer and individual to change it. There's lots of emphasis on this idea of voting with our forks to fix the food system. But that can only do so much.

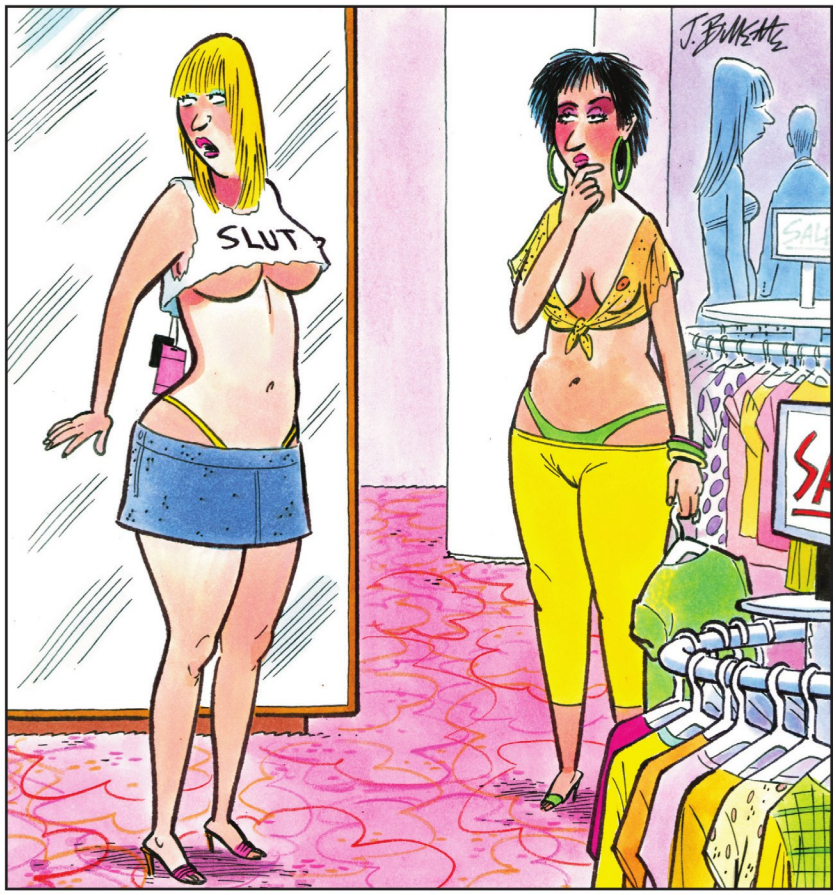
The real issue is that we need to change policies in this country that drive what kind of food is grown, under what conditions and how it gets to us. My solutions are policies where our tax money subsidizes organic, sustainably grown foods, subsidizing the survival of small and midsized farms that create economic diversity and stability in rural communities, incentives to connect local and regional farms with local markets, and transitioning toward organics.

Americans still eat too much red meat. Whether you become strict or mostly vegetarian, it contributes to many forms of cancer.

We eat too much processed food, excessively high in calories, bad fat and oil content, plus too much salt. Processed foods are what's most readily available and seemingly cheapest in our supermarkets. This processed food contributes to our chronic diseases and obesity epidemic. We're paying over $100 billion a year to treat these chronic diseases.

So we're paying twice. We're paying through our tax dollars for the subsidy system that promotes these commodities such as soy and corn, which are used as food additives for processed food. And then we're paying again through tax dollars and our public health system for the repercussions of this diet.


BARNEY RESIGNS
AFTER MUCH CONSIDERATION, I HAVE DECIDED TO LEAVE PUBLIC LIFE TO SPEND MORE TIME LICKING MYSELF AND SNIFFING THE BUTTS OF MY FAMILY.



"Be honest, Tina. Does this top make me look cheap...enough?"

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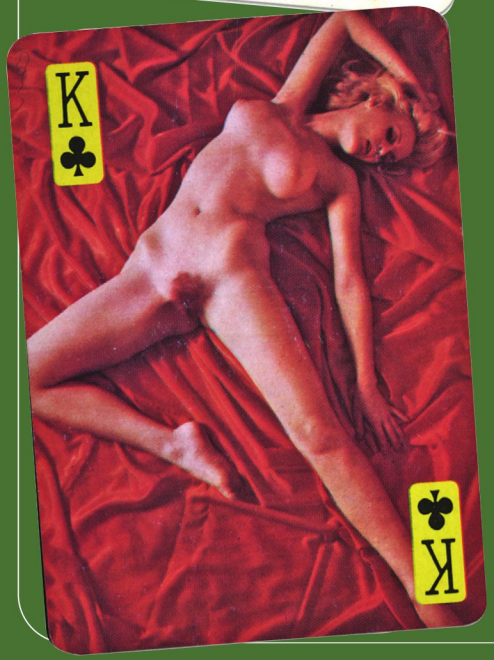
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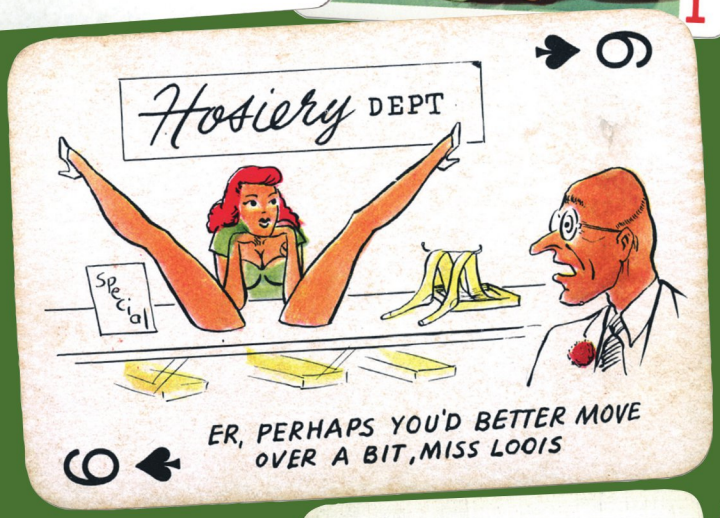
BY K.K. LE ROQUE

DEAL US IN!



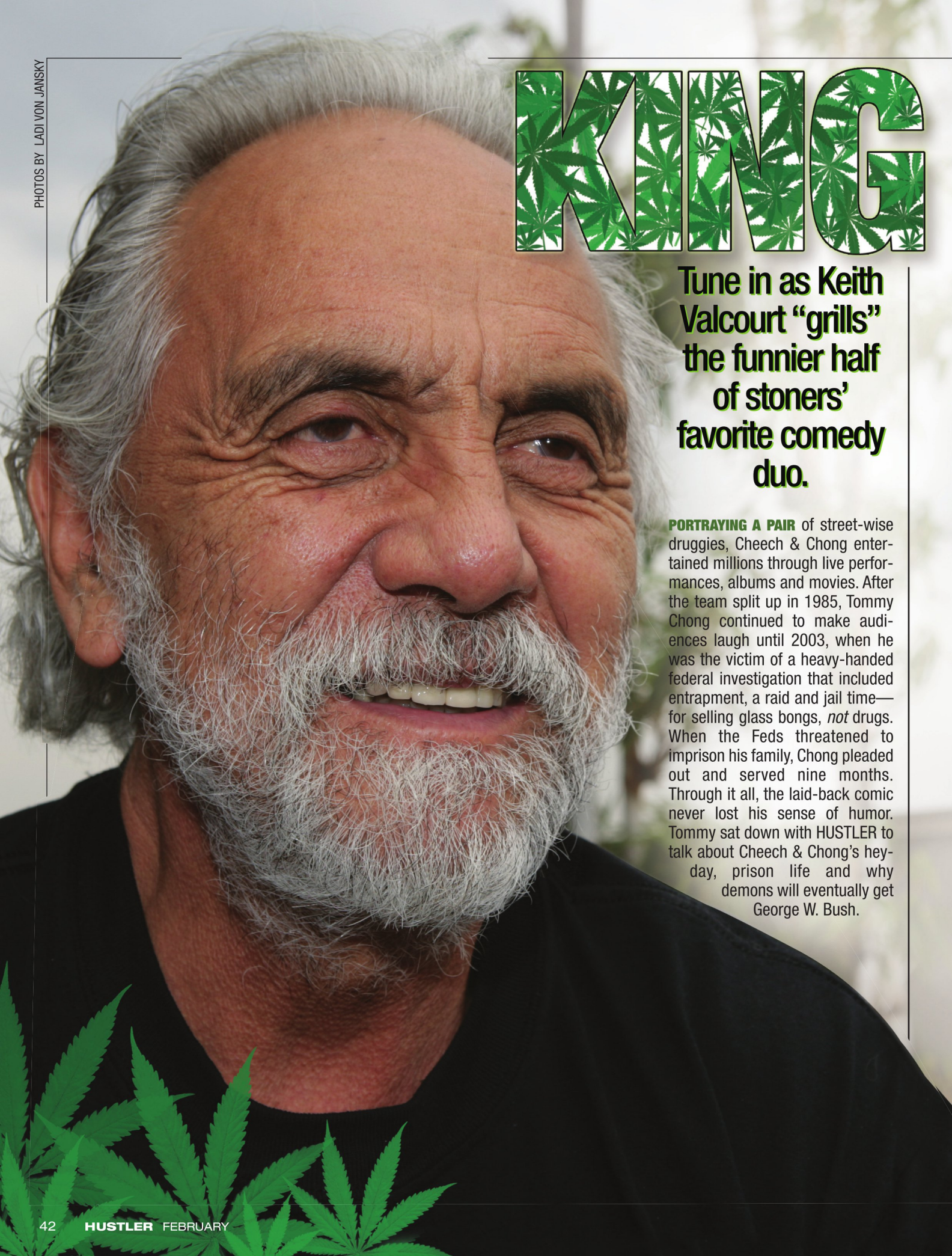
The rec room of your best friend's parents' house is musty, dusty and dark. You and a small group of high school buddies are playing cards and drinking cheap beer one of the guys snuck in. Then somebody breaks out a very special deck. That was the first time you saw them: Playing cards that not only featured hearts, spades, diamonds and clubs, but naked ladies as well. Whether you call them stag decks, wolf decks or just good old nude playing cards, they were an exciting part of our teenage years and for many, the first time we discovered the female form in all its undressed glory.

In *Stacked Decks: The Art and History of Erotic Playing Cards* we get a detailed look at the history of these gaming dames. The Rotenberg Collection, which has over 20,000 erotic playing cards in its archive, has selected the best of them for this one-of-a-kind book. And what a book it is! This full house of an anthology is packed with hundreds of full-color illustrations and photos of playing cards dating from the earliest art decks in 1807 right up to the present day.

This great, hardbound coffee-table book showcases the images of playable ladies including nude, semi-nude, burlesque singers, actresses, 1950s pinups and international superstars, all in various sexy poses. The lovingly compiled chronicle also includes vintage ads, glimpses of unexpected famous starlets of the past and a detailed history of this genre.

Whether you are a poker fan or just want a chance to peek at some vintage erotic peaks, you need this enjoyable book on your bookshelf or at your next card game for all your friends to enjoy. *Stacked Decks: The Art and History of Erotic Playing Cards* is now available at fine bookstores everywhere.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY



KING

Tune in as Keith Valcourt "grills" the funnier half of stoners' favorite comedy duo.

PORTRAYING A PAIR of street-wise druggies, Cheech & Chong entertained millions through live performances, albums and movies. After the team split up in 1985, Tommy Chong continued to make audiences laugh until 2003, when he was the victim of a heavy-handed federal investigation that included entrapment, a raid and jail time—for selling glass bongs, *not* drugs. When the Feds threatened to imprison his family, Chong pleaded out and served nine months. Through it all, the laid-back comic never lost his sense of humor. Tommy sat down with HUSTLER to talk about Cheech & Chong's heyday, prison life and why demons will eventually get George W. Bush.

CHONG

HUSTLER: Why did Cheech & Chong break up?

TOMMY CHONG: I guess we got rich. That's what breaks everybody up.

Do you and Cheech talk?

We're close to becoming a partnership again.

Really?!

Yep. He came at me with an offer I couldn't refuse. In the past, Cheech wanted to do a play about our life before we were Cheech & Chong. He was trying to do something to keep him from going back to the old bits. I just refused, saying, "If we're not Cheech & Chong, then I don't want to be anything." But now it's me and Cheech doing our old act on a high scale that encompasses movies and television.

What kept you two apart for so long?

We had a falling-out over his play. We never argued until then, even when we split up. He just sort of dropped a bombshell on me one day: "You know, I have been offered to make a movie without you, and I'm going to take it." I was like: "Aaaaaahhhh! What?!" It took me lots of years to get over that because I was the director and the writer. The guy, you know?

Were groupies and trashing hotels part of your lifestyle?

We were hippie rock stars. We had our share of comedy groupies. They were fans. We still got them. As far as trashing and that goes, not a bit. We shared a room for the first tour we went on. We didn't think anything of it. It was like, "Oh, cool, we got a room." It wasn't until later that we started saying, "Hey, I want my own room." Cheech and I were as tight as could be, when we had to be.

How much pot did you really smoke back then?

I was a pussy when it came to pot. So was Cheech. (*Laughs.*) There were many times I would go into his hotel room, and he'd be in bed with the covers around his neck, all bug-eyed, saying, "I don't know what I did. I shouldn't have smoked it." We were both pussies.

What was it like the morning you were raided?

It was very Cheech & Chong actually. When my wife and I heard the banging on the door of our house, she said, "There's someone at the door." I said, "No shit!" I walked downstairs in my little jockey shorts. We have glass doors and windows, so I could see them all [federal agents]. They looked like trick-or-treaters, like a bunch of guys raiding a comedian's house. It was like being "punked."

They said, "Open up, this is a raid! We have a warrant."

(continued on page 102)

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

RENEE PEREZ

We've seen this girl somewhere before. Oh, yeah, on the cover of our July '07 issue. "I'm thrilled to be back in HUSTLER Magazine!" **Renee** roars. "The last time was such a thrill. It really helped raise my profile as a model. My cell phone was blowing up with work offers, I got to be a guest on the *Howard Stern Show*, and I now have a ton of new friends on MySpace thanks to that cover."

Of course, it's easy to see why **Renee** is so popular. "This new shoot was fun because it was so casual," she recalls. "Plus, outside is one of my favorite places to be naked. I love to just lounge around by the pool. I also have this thing lately about having sex in the sun. The way the heat feels on my bare skin as I'm coming is, well, superhot!"

When not working, the dazzling Latina likes to watch funny films. “I love to laugh,” she chirps. “My favorite films are comedies like *Knocked Up*, *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* and *Anchorman*. There is nothing better than spending a quiet night at home with a good friend having a good laugh. Well, except having sex!”

See **Renee** go all the way in *Barely Legal #73*, and *Barely Legal Princess Diaries 2* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

RENEE'S VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: Las Vegas
AGE: 22
BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius
HEIGHT: 5-5

It *Can* Happen HERE

Guards check illegal immigrant detainees inside the Department of Homeland Security's new Willacy Detention Center in Raymondville, Texas.

WHY IS THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING CONCENTRATION CAMPS IN THE USA—AND WHO ARE THEY FOR?

The Bush White House has restored torture, removed habeas corpus, conducted extraordinary renditions, carried out warrantless wiretapping and waged war under false pretexts. Now the administration is faced with record-low approval ratings while public opinion polls register widespread support for impeachment. Given the Bush regime's record of secrecy and repression, the alarming fact that it is building mass holding centers is a matter of urgent concern. Is the federal government getting ready to round up its political opponents? Read on.

Imagine a place where windowless, white Kevlar tents extend for city blocks, surrounded by barbed wire. Inmates are forbidden from leaving them for more than 23 hours a day. The walls are blank, and there are no partitions separating the eating areas from the toilets and showers. Vermin scurry along the floors.

The people kept there are routinely served inedible food. Often it makes them sick, and even then they may be denied adequate medical treatment. On some days, because they have not been provided with eating utensils, they are forced to eat with their hands.

Is this a nightmarish vision of a dystopic future? No, it is a present-day description of one of the new supersized detention facilities supervised by the U.S. government.

According to a February 2007 *Washington Post* article, the aforementioned private detention camp is located at Raymondville, Texas. A new government contract indicates that many more such internment centers may be on the way. Could dissenting U.S. citizens be among those targeted?

A NEW WAVE OF DETENTION FACILITIES

During the winter of 2006, Kellogg Brown & Root, then a subsidiary of the defense contractor Halliburton, secured a $385-million contract through the Department of Homeland Security to build "temporary immigration detention centers" in the event of an "emergency influx of immigrants." The contract immediately sparked concern among civil libertarians and immigrants' rights activists.

Despite reassurances by U.S. Immigrations and Customs Enforcement (ICE), critics remain troubled by the wording in the KBR contract. It states that detention camps may also be built "to support the rapid development of new programs." What are these "new programs" for? When asked directly, ICE spokeswoman Jamie Zuieback refused to comment.

Whatever the KBR facilities may ultimately be used for, it's clear that the current U.S. detention system needlessly subjects tens of thousands of detainees—many here legally, many of them children—to appalling conditions. ICE oversees all U.S. detention centers, runs its own camps within that system and has a supervisory role in that system's private facilities.

Harlingen, Texas-based attorney Jodi Goodwin, who coined the phrase "Ritmo" to describe the Raymondville detention center, represents several clients detained in both the ICE-run Port Isabel and Raymondville facilities.

BY BRYAN SACKS

PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES

Tent city: The $65-million detention facility in Raymondville can house up to 2,000 detainees.

The Department of Homeland Security-funded detention center in El Centro, California, currently holds foreign nationals convicted of felonies or other deportable offenses.

She has been on the front lines trying to win legal protections for a politically vulnerable population.

"Going back to 2003 or so, there's been a major increase in detention activity," said Goodwin. "More people are being detained, more bed space is needed, and increasingly it's mega-private facilities that are springing up to fill the need."

There are currently 16 ICE detention facilities across eight states where long-term detention is conducted, with more than 1.5 million immigrants currently in the immigration system. The number detained in ICE-administered public and private facilities is expected to surpass 30,000 by the time you read this.

Private facilities, which dominate the system, detain people for a profit. They have incentives to keep beds filled, because those beds fill their corporate coffers.

HORRIFYING CONDITIONS

According to Goodwin, it's also the private detention centers—such as the 2,000-capacity Raymondville facility operated by Management & Training Corporation—that are home to the worst horrors. She's not alone in that opinion. Jay Johnson-Castro, a human rights activist who has worked heroically to expose the conditions inside the Texas detention facilities, said: "It is a concentration camp. Detainees are fed expired milk products which make them seriously ill, and there is no medical care being provided."

In addition to the appalling conditions described above, the February 2007 *Washington Post* exposé reported that "[D]etainees are subject to group punishment for disciplinary infractions." For instance, when a detainee refuses to go outside during the one hour permitted each day, other inmates may be forbidden from going outside.

Goodwin told HUSTLER that detainees have been left in a recreation yard fully exposed to wintry conditions wearing just shirtsleeves and shower shoes without socks. She also confirmed this disturbing account of the conditions at Raymondville that was first aired on Pacifica Radio's *Democracy Now!*:

"I went to the detention center…and said, '*Buenos dias. Como estan todos?*' And they responded to me, '*Muriendo de hambre*'—'We're dying of hunger.' And, you know, this is just their immediate reaction to someone coming in and asking, 'How are you?'"

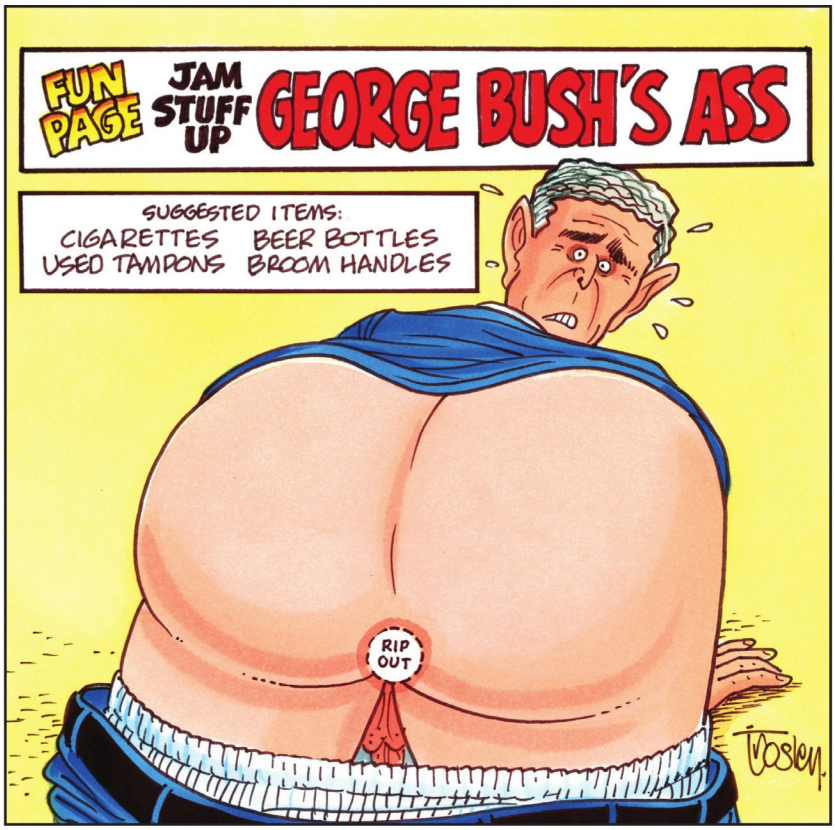
Some detainees are locked up for months and even years. Some are shipped from camp to camp without any understanding of why it's happening, nor any clear idea how long their purgatory will last. The appalling conditions detainees face are not limited to Texas facilities. The for-profit nature of detention encourages the cutting of corners, undermining the core principles that the system is supposed to be founded on. Not surprisingly, this has resulted in allegations of negligence, inadequate medical care and even deaths at a number of private facilities.

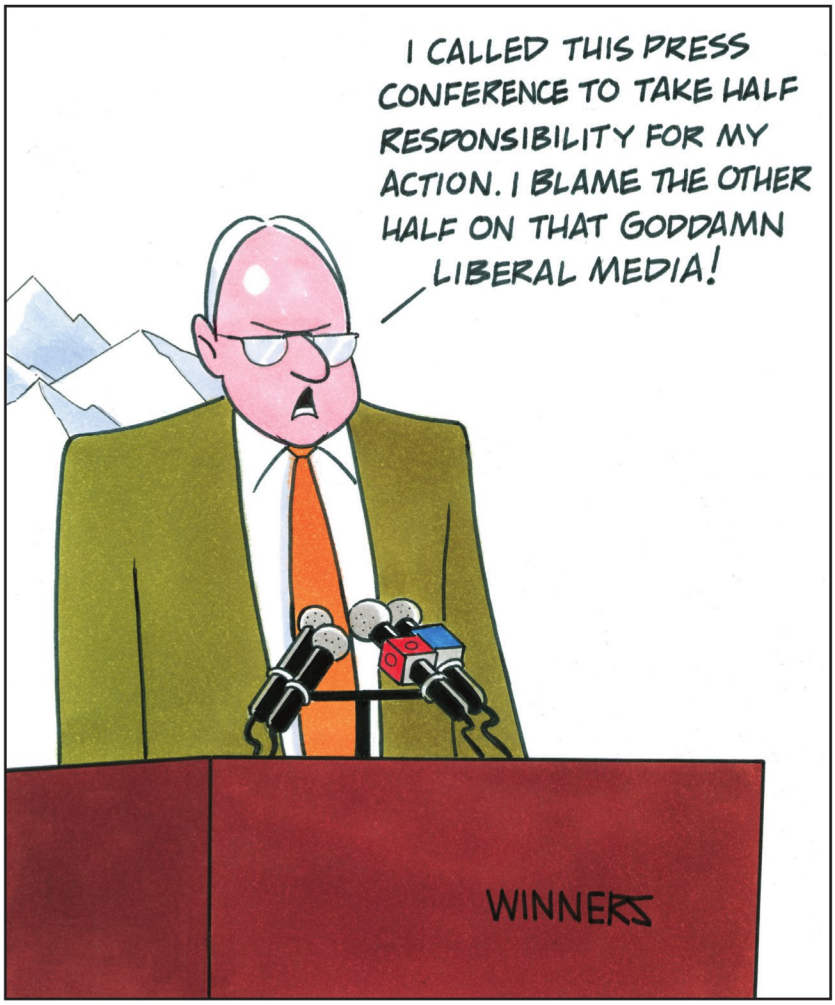
THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME?

It could be argued that the contract is simply part of a sensible plan to deal with a hypothetical surge of displaced immigrants resulting from a natural disaster. In 2003, a Pentagon think tank produced a secret report subtitled "Imagining the Unthinkable," which suggested abrupt climate change presented threats to national security far greater than the threat posed by terrorism. Consider, for example, masses of displaced refugees surging across our borders.

The increase in detention facilities makes it obvious that the "Guantanamo mind-set" has spread to the U.S. mainland. But is the KBR contract an omen of things to come, with detention extending to U.S. citizens who disagree with the powers that be?

Alarmed civil libertarians and others see the KBR agreement as continuing a highly disturbing trend within the federal government toward preparation for military control of civilian society during times of "national emergency." The contract comes hard on the heels of a number of surveillance initiatives that give authorities unprecedented access to the personal information and whereabouts of dissident citizens. Furthermore, the well-documented existence of the Pentagon's 1960s-era "Operation Garden Plot" (a plan to respond to civil disturbances) and "Readiness Exercise 1984" (Reagan-era federal contingency plans for detaining citizens during times of civil unrest) spur suspicions




I CALLED THIS PRESS CONFERENCE TO TAKE HALF RESPONSIBILITY FOR MY ACTION. I BLAME THE OTHER HALF ON THAT GODDAMN LIBERAL MEDIA!
WINNERS

that KBR's "new programs" could be offshoots or updated versions of these highly controversial government initiatives.

Contingency planning for "continuity of government" (COG) has been underway for more than 50 years. During the Reagan era, Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld were "principal actors" in some of that administration's most secretive doomsday planning.

President Bush's controversial Presidential Directive of May 2007, which declares that the sitting President and not the entire executive branch will now be entrusted with "ensuring Constitutional government" during a national emergency, sets the stage for a power grab and police state. Furthermore, the July 17, 2007, executive order entitled "Blocking Property of Certain Persons Who Threaten Stabilization Efforts in Iraq" potentially poses a threat to U.S. antiwar groups and individuals. The executive order's sweeping powers enable Bush to seize the "property and interests" of Americans who oppose the Iraq War.

Another highly disturbing element in the erosion of liberty is the Military Commissions Act of 2006 (MCA), which may well give the President the authority to detain dissidents (or anyone else) and strip them of Constitutional protections, virtually at will. The sole requirement would be for the President to declare that a dissident was an "unlawful enemy combatant." And once a person has been declared an unlawful enemy combatant, he loses his right to habeas corpus and, from a legal standpoint, essentially "disappears."

CORPORATE MEDIA SILENT

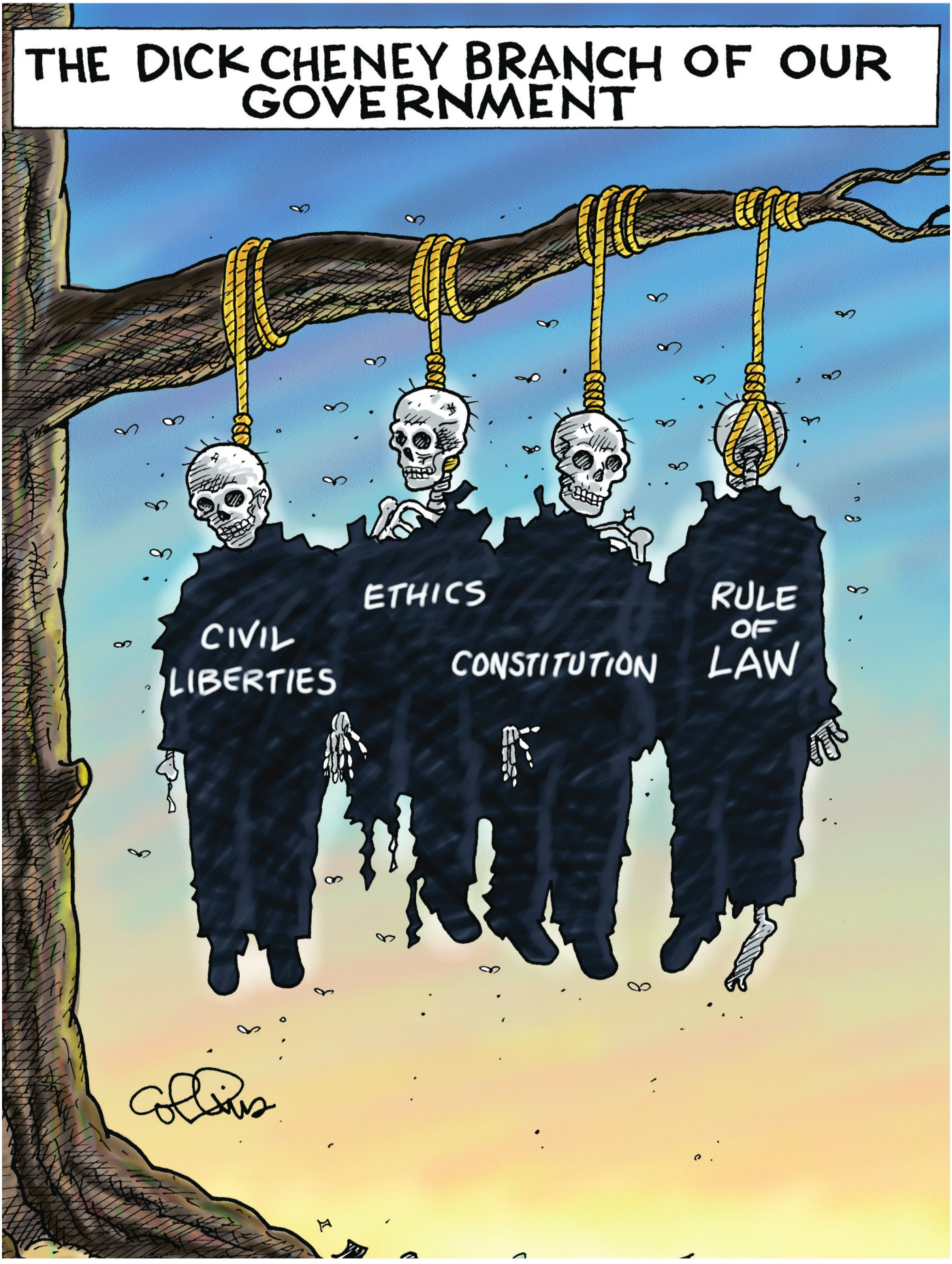
Commenting about the KBR contract, Scott concluded that "It is clear that the Bush Administration is thinking seriously about martial law." His close friend Daniel Ellsberg, the man who leaked the Pentagon Papers in 1971, said, "Almost certainly this is preparation for a roundup after the next 9/11 for Mideasterners, Muslims and possibly dissenters."

The corporate press has been content with the occasional article rather than a full-scale exposé of the detention system. "Part of the problem is that this story can't be 'picked up'—it has to be pursued over all kinds of obstructions and barriers," said Greg Moses, editor of the *Texas Civil Rights Review*. "Just for the sake of saying that the major media in America can get through all those restrictions would be one reason why the major media should try…to prove that these institutions are subject to democratic accountability."

Johnson has focused his efforts on bringing attention to the plight of children at the Hutto camp in Texas, and has had great success in exposing the immorality of detaining people of all ages for profit.

To paraphrase the title of Sinclair Lewis's 1935 novel warning Americans of the threat of homegrown fascism, yes, it *can* happen here.

Bryan Sacks is an investigative journalist and adjunct instructor of philosophy at Drexel University in Philadelphia. He is also a reporter and coproducer with Collateral News, which posts reports on YouTube.com/CollateralNews.


THE DICK CHENEY BRANCH OF OUR GOVERNMENT
CIVIL LIBERTIES
ETHICS
CONSTITUTION
RULE OF LAW

WHAT IS THE BUSH REGIME'S *REAL* AGENDA?

PRESIDENT REAGAN'S ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, **PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS**, ASKS THE HARD QUESTIONS.

I ASK THIS QUESTION because the regime's declared agenda—a "war on terror"—is obviously false on its face. I call Bush's government a "regime" because it runs roughshod over the U.S. Constitution and the government's co-equal branches, the legislature and the judiciary. The Bush regime insists that it is primary and that Congress and the federal courts are secondary.

No one could conduct such an incompetent and self-defeating "war on terror"—if that were their real agenda—as Bush, Cheney and their cadre of neoconservative Nazis have conducted.

Terrorists are stateless. It multiplies terrorism exponentially to invade a secular Arab state, such as Iraq was, and to overthrow the strongman ruler who was successfully suppressing the Islamist Shiite majority allied with Iran. Prior to Bush's invasion of Iraq, there were no terrorists there. Today there are many insurgents—called terrorists by the Bush regime and mainstream U.S. media. An invasion that raises the number of terrorists in Iraq from zero to tens of thousands was obviously not designed as a "war on terror."

In addition, Bush's aggression in the Middle East has encouraged terrorism in Afghanistan, Lebanon and throughout the Muslim world, including—if they were not "false flag" operations—bombings in Spain and the U.K. Osama bin Laden and his organization, al-Qaeda, have gained enormously in credibility and acceptance from Bush's aggression in the Middle East.

Today, instead of search-and-destroy missions against real terrorist organizations, the Bush regime is trapped in the quagmires of two insurgencies—Iraq and Afghanistan—and plans to attack two more Muslim states—Iran and Syria—and to destroy Hezbollah in Lebanon.

Clearly, the Bush regime has an agenda that is unconcerned with the number of terrorists that it creates.

The Bush regime has never disclosed its real agenda. It tells one lie after another, and the rationales it employs to justify its wars are ever-changing. Nevertheless, it is possible to discern the regime's two goals. One is to create a powerful "unitary executive" that is superior to the other branches of government. The other is to gain total hegemony over the Middle East by overthrowing all independent governments not ruled by U.S. puppets.

The first goal stems from the days when GOP Presidents could not successfully advance a Republican agenda against a Democratic Congress.

Frustrated that Republicans had "a lock on the Presidency" but could not succeed with an agenda, leaders of the ultra-right-wing Federalist Society began creating arguments for extra-Constitutional Presidential powers.

As chief of staff in a beleaguered Ford Administration, Cheney experienced firsthand the frustrations of Congressional restraint on the executive. In his long tenure in government positions, he worked closely with Donald Rumsfeld. During 1989-1993 Cheney was secretary of defense. His undersecretary was the neoconservative leader Paul Wolfowitz. Thus, Cheney is the natural link between the two goals of the Bush regime and the primary coordinator.

The second goal—U.S. hegemony—has long been cherished by the neoconservatives. Many documents such as "The Project for a New American Century" state this objective. The neocons successfully penetrated the conservative movement and took over its publications, think tanks and foundations. Neoconservatives have strong ties to the right-wing Israeli Likud Party and see no divergence between Israeli and U.S. interests.

The September 11 attacks on the U.S. provided the neoconservatives and the advocates of "the unitary executive" with the "new Pearl Harbor" that they needed. The "war on terror" was immediately declared, and police state legislation, such as the USA PATRIOT Act, was rushed through Congress on the pretext of providing the President with the means to deal with the expertly hyped peril.

September 11 has enabled Bush and his Justice (sic) Department to declare his exemption from the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act and the Geneva Conventions. It has allowed him to negate acts of Congress with "signing statements." As a "wartime President," Bush has claimed the power to set aside Constitutionally guaranteed civil liberties. He prevailed upon Congress to pass legislation that permits torture and military trials that can condemn people to death based on secret evidence and hearsay.

On May 9, 2007, Bush signed National Security Presidential Directive/INSPD 51 and Homeland Security Presidential Directive/HSPD-20. Law professors, such as Marjorie Cohn, and commentators, such as Jerome R. Corsi, have concluded that this dual directive permits Bush to elevate himself to dictator simply by declaring a "catastrophic emergency." The directive claims "enduring Constitutional government" as one of its purposes. However, the directive gives the President power over all government and business activities until the President declares the emergency to be over.

Corsi points out that the directive appears to supersede the National Emergencies Act, which empowers Congress to "modify, rescind or render dormant" a Presidentially declared emergency if Congress believes the President has acted inappropriately. In contrast, under the May 9 directive, a President's declaration of emergency does not require the agreement of Congress or the federal courts. As Cohn notes, the directive says "the President shall lead the activities of the federal government."

On July 17, 2007, Bush issued an executive order that permits him to confiscate the assets, without notice, of any American or resident who poses "a significant risk of committing an act" or is "purported to act," even "indirectly" in any manner deemed to threaten "the peace and stability of Iraq."

If this order were taken seriously, Bush's entire government, its media shills, Congress and the U.S. military would all be confiscated as they clearly have destroyed the peace and stability of Iraq. Instead, the order will be used to intimidate critics. The order permits the confiscation of the property of a person, group or business even if no actual destabilizing action has occurred. Confiscation is permitted on the basis of a subjective judgment that a risk exists that a person or group might commit an infraction (created by an executive order, not by act of Congress) in the future.

The right-wing argues that war critics undermine U.S. troops and encourage the enemy, thus harming Bush's efforts to bring democratic stability to Iraq. If the July 17 executive order had been signed a day or two earlier, Democratic Presidential candidate Senator Hillary Clinton might have been its first victim. On July 16 Clinton was rebuked by Under Secretary of Defense Eric Edelman, a neocon ideologue, for inquiring how the U.S. plans to eventually withdraw from Iraq. Edelman wrote to Clinton that "premature and public discussion of the withdrawal of U.S. forces from Iraq reinforces enemy propaganda that the United States will abandon its allies in Iraq."

Looking at these enormous powers that Bush has accumulated, keep in mind that prior to September 11, 2001, Bush was a weak and beleaguered President elected by one vote of the Supreme Court.

Political experts and pollsters are perplexed that Bush and Cheney persist, despite their extremely low approval ratings, in ignoring public opinion and continuing a lost war that has no prospects for success. It is a known fact in politics that unpopular Presidents cause their party to lose 80-85% of the vote. Why stick with policies that are leading Republicans to an electoral wipeout in 2008?

The answer to this question begins with another question: Why issue unnecessary executive orders that permit a President to create a dictatorship by declaring a national emergency unless they are intended to be used? And why demonize Iran in the same manner that Iraq was demonized unless an attack is intended? Recent news reports that B-2 stealth bombers are being armed with 30,000-pound "bunker buster" bombs suggest that the regime intends to launch a new aggression.

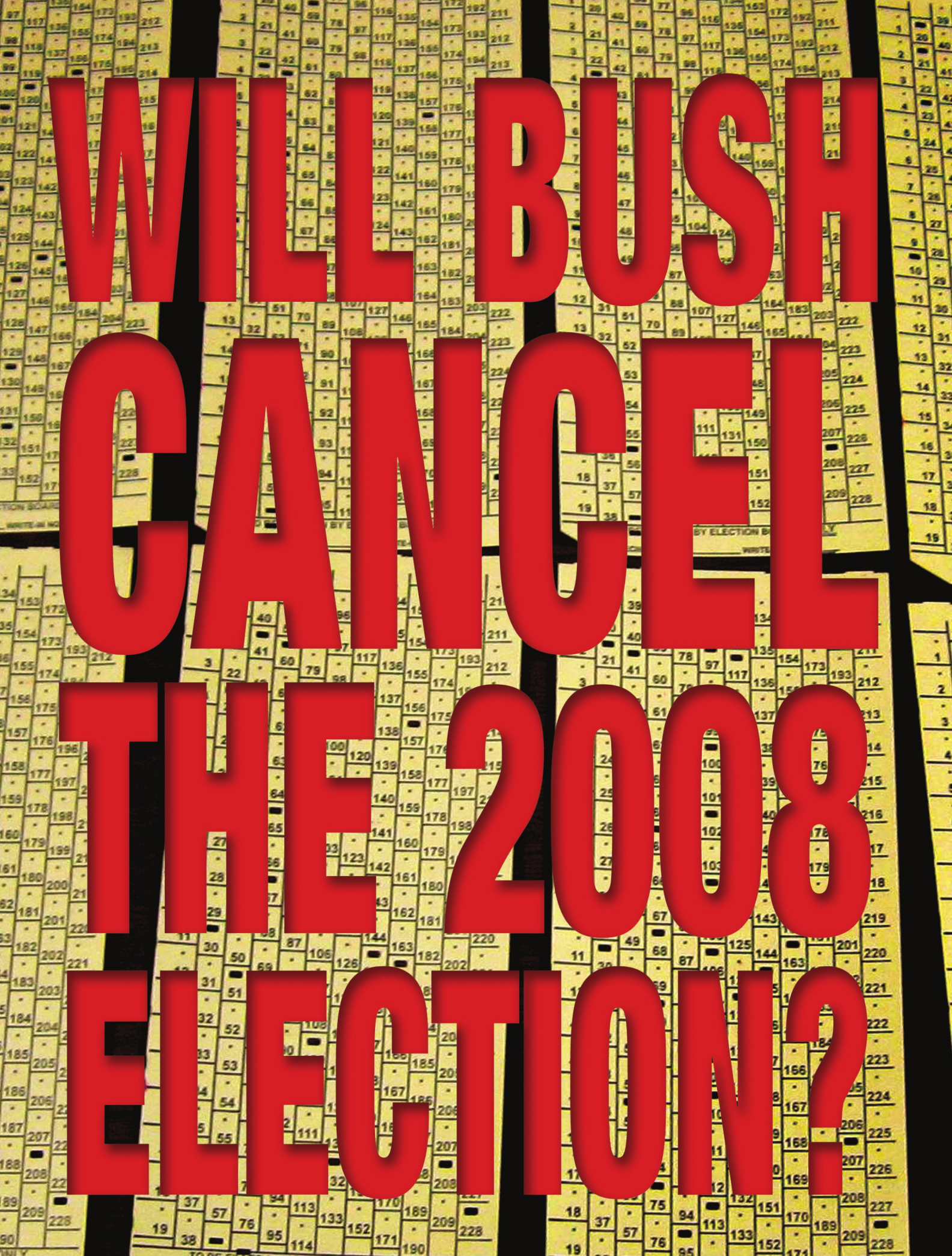
All Bush needs in order to declare a national emergency is a Gulf of Tonkin event off Iran's coast or another terrorist event in the U.S. It could be a real terrorist event that the regime permits because it serves its purpose, or it could be an orchestrated "false flag" event. It is naive to believe that a regime that took America to war on the basis of lies and deception—and sacrificed 30,000 of its own soldiers (killed, maimed or wounded) and hundreds of thousands of Iraqi civilians for the sake of an undeclared agenda—would not also perpetrate the fraud of a false flag attack.

In the U.S. the media has adopted the deceit and euphemisms of the Bush regime. Much is never reported, and that which is reported is seldom questioned. For example, it has been reported that Cheney's Halliburton has a $385-million federal contract to construct detention camps in the U.S. (See *It Can Happen Here*, beginning on page 52.) The government has not explained who these camps are for, and the media has not asked.

Why does the U.S. need detention camps? Why does the regime arm itself with the war criminal's tools of torture and military tribunals that do not have to present evidence?

Every American should be alarmed by how close we are to a militarized police state and wonder if Bush will preempt the 2008 election with a declaration of emergency, one that his government might orchestrate.

Paul Craig Roberts was assistant secretary of the treasury in the Reagan Administration. Besides serving as associate editor of the Wall Street Journal's editorial page, Roberts has been a contributing editor of National Review and is coauthor of The Tyranny of Good Intentions. He can be contacted at ***PaulCraigRoberts@yahoo.com****.*


WILL BUSH
CANCEL
THE 2008
ELECTION?

BY HARVEY WASSERMAN & BOB FITRAKIS

IF YOU BELIEVE BUSH AND CHENEY WILL GIVE UP POWER, GUESS AGAIN.

It is time to think about the "unthinkable." The Bush Administration has both the inclination and the power to cancel the 2008 election. The GOP strategy for another electoral theft in 2008 has taken clear shape, though we must assume there is much more we don't know.

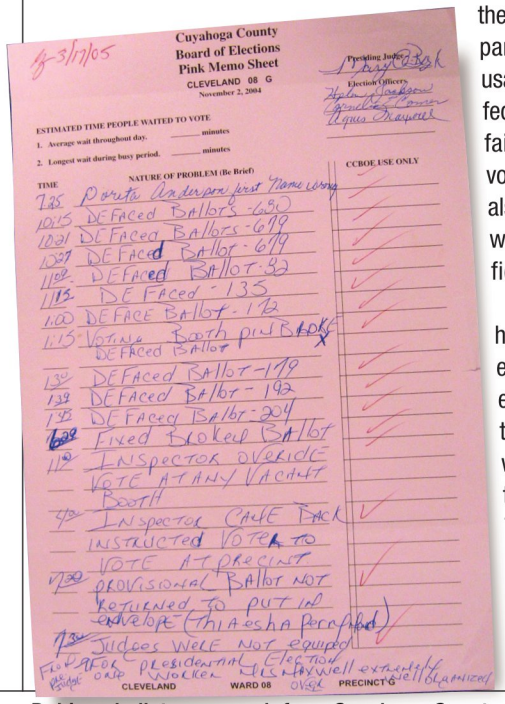
But we must also assume that if it appears to Team Bush that the GOP will lose the 2008 election anyway (as it lost in Ohio 2006), we cannot ignore the possibility that they would simply cancel the election. Those who think this crew will quietly walk away from power are simply not paying attention. The real question is not how or when they might do it. It's how, realistically, we can stop them.

In Florida 2000, Team Bush had a game plan involving a handful of tactics. With Jeb Bush in the governor's mansion, the GOP used a combination of disenfranchisement, intimidation, faulty ballots, electronic voting fraud, a rigged vote count and an aborted recount, courtesy of the U.S. Supreme Court. A compliant Democrat (Al Gore) allowed the coup to be completed.

In Ohio 2004 the arsenal of dirty tricks expanded. Based in Columbus, we have documented more than 100 different tactics used to steal the 20 electoral votes that gave Bush a second term. More are still surfacing. As a result of the King-Lincoln-Bronzeville federal lawsuit (in which we are plaintiff and attorney), we have now been informed that 56 of the 88 counties in Ohio violated federal law by destroying election records, thus preventing a definitive historical recount. As in 2000, a compliant Democrat (John Kerry) allowed the coup to proceed.

For 2008 we expect the list of vote-theft maneuvers to escalate yet again. We are already witnessing a coordinated nationwide drive to destroy voter registration organizations and to disenfranchise millions of minority, poor and young voters.

This carefully choreographed campaign is complemented by the widespread use of electronic voting machines. As reported by the Government Accountability Office, Princeton University, the Brennan Center, the Carter-Baker Commission, U.S. Representative John Conyers (D-Michigan) and others, these machines can be easily used to flip an election. They were integral to stealing both the 2000 and 2004 elections. Efforts to make their source codes transparent, or to require a usable paper trail on a federal level, have thus far failed. A discriminatory voter ID requirement may also serve as the gateway to a national identification card.


Cuyahoga County Board of Elections
Pink Memo Sheet
CLEVELAND 08 G
November 2, 2004

ESTIMATED TIME PEOPLE WAITED TO VOTE
1. Average wait throughout day. ____ minutes
2. Longest wait during busy period. ____ minutes

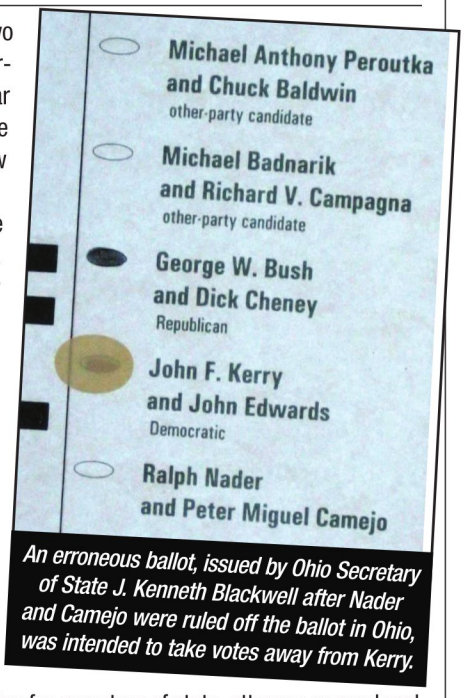
TIME | NATURE OF PROBLEM (Be Brief) | CCBOE USE ONLY

7:35 Paula Anderson first Name wrong
10:15 DEFACED Ballots -680
10:21 DEFACED Ballots -679
10:27 DEFACED Ballot - 679
11:02 DEFACED Ballot-32
11:13 DEFACED - 135
1:00 DEFACE Ballot - 172
1:15 Voting Booth pin BROKE
DEFACED Ballot
1:32 DEFACED Ballot-179
1:39 DEFACED Ballot - 192
1:52 DEFACED Ballot-204
Fixed Broked Ballot
INSPECTOR OVERIDE
VOTE AT ANY VACANT
BOOTH
INSPECTOR CAME BACK
INSTRUCTED VOTER TO
VOTE AT PRECINCT
PROVISIONAL BALLOT NOT
NOTIFIED TO PUT IN
ENVELOPE (THIA esha Perrified)
Judges WERE NOT equiped
FOR PROVISIONAL Election
ONE WORKER ELSEWHERE extremely/Delightful/Glamorous

CLEVELAND WARD 08 PRECINCT G

Dubious ballot paperwork from Cuyahoga County, Ohio, where two election workers were convicted of rigging the 2004 Presidential recount.

Overall, the GOP will have at its command even more weapons of election theft in 2008 than it did in Ohio 2004, which jumped exponentially from Florida 2000. The Rovian GOP is nothing if not tightly organized to do this with ruthless efficiency. Expect everything that was used these past two Presidential elections to surface again in 2008 in far more states, with far more efficiency and many new dirty tricks added.



An erroneous ballot, issued by Ohio Secretary of State J. Kenneth Blackwell after Nader and Camejo were ruled off the ballot in Ohio, was intended to take votes away from Kerry.

But in Ohio 2006 the GOP learned a hard lesson. Its candidate for governor was J. Kenneth Blackwell. The secretary of state was the essential on-the-ground operative in the theft of Ohio 2004. When he announced plans to run for governor, many Ohioans joked that "Ken Blackwell will never lose an election where he counts the votes."

But lose he did… along with the GOP candidates for secretary of state, attorney general and U.S. Senate. By our calculations, despite massive grassroots scrutiny, the Republicans stole in excess of 6% of the Ohio vote in 2006. But they still lost.

Why? Because they were so massively unpopular that even a 6% bump couldn't save them. Outgoing Governor Bob Taft, who pled guilty to four misdemeanors while in office, left town with a 7% approval rating (that's not a typo). Blackwell entered the last week of the campaign down 30% in some polls.

So while the GOP still had control of Ohio's electoral machinery in 2006, the public tide against them was simply too great to hold back, even through the advanced art and science of modern Rovian election theft. That may also be the case in 2008. Should things proceed as they are now, it's hard to imagine any Republican candidate getting elected.

What's also clear is that this administration has a deep, profound and uncompromised contempt for democracy, for the rule of law and for the U.S. Constitution. When George W. Bush went on the record (twice) as saying he has nothing against dictatorship, as long as he can be dictator, it was a policy statement.

Who really believes this crew will walk quietly away from power and allow themselves to be investigated for war crimes, etc., by successor governments? They have the motivation, the money and the method for doing away with the electoral process altogether. So why wouldn't they?

The groundwork for dismissal of both the legislative and judicial branches has been carefully laid: The continuation of the drug war, as well as the USA PATRIOT Act, Homeland Security Act and other dictatorial laws prompted by the 9/11 terror attacks have decimated the Bill of Rights and shredded the traditional American right to due process of law, freedom from official surveillance, arbitrary violence and far more.

Former Attorney General Alberto Gonzales never backed away from his announcement to Congress that the Constitution does not guarantee habeas corpus. The administration continues to act on the assumption that it can arrest anyone at any time and hold them without notification or trial for as long as it wants.

The establishment of the Homeland Security *(continued on page 108)*

PHOTOS COURTESY FREEPRESS.ORG

SCREEN NAME:

Emily Addison

AGE: 23

STATUS: In a relationship

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 4,794

Emily Addison is a true-blue pleaser, and she has few qualms about what it involves. Although modeling professionally for only a year, this lanky babe from North Carolina has already expanded her horizons by jumping (bound) feet-first into adult entertainment. Fascinated by bondage, which she'd never tried before, Emily introduced herself to the operators of a BDSM Web site. "They tied me up to a chair," the sexy submissive recalls, "and had me do a bunch of damsel-in-distress stuff. I really liked it."

Did she ever! Emily has even added bondage to her personal life. "I like to be tied up," she admits. "I also like to be blindfolded—and role-playing! I'll pretend to be a hooker."

Literally opening her doors to voyeurs, the fetish aficionada now offers custom erotic mini-videos at **Clips4Sale.com/7226**. Since getting started, Emily has been requested to act out various scenarios, but many fans seem to prefer one in particular. "They like watching me with a beach ball," Emily tells us. "My cheeks puff out while I blow it up. Then I'll ride and grind on it, while my ass bounces up and down." Interesting.

As one would expect from a girl who dry-humps inflatable objects for a living, Emily's world revolves around sex.

THE GIRLS OF MYSPAC

BY TYLER DOWNEY

"I lost my virginity in a threesome!" she marvels. "A friend and I were messing around with some hot guy at the lake. Before you knew it, we were eating each other out."

As for taking on two guys at the same time, Emily is far from sold. As she explains, "It's too difficult to concentrate when you're taking it from behind, and you've got a cock in your mouth." However, the adventurous beauty recently learned about the joys of anal sex. "That's my thing!" Emily howls. "I'd rather do that than normal!"

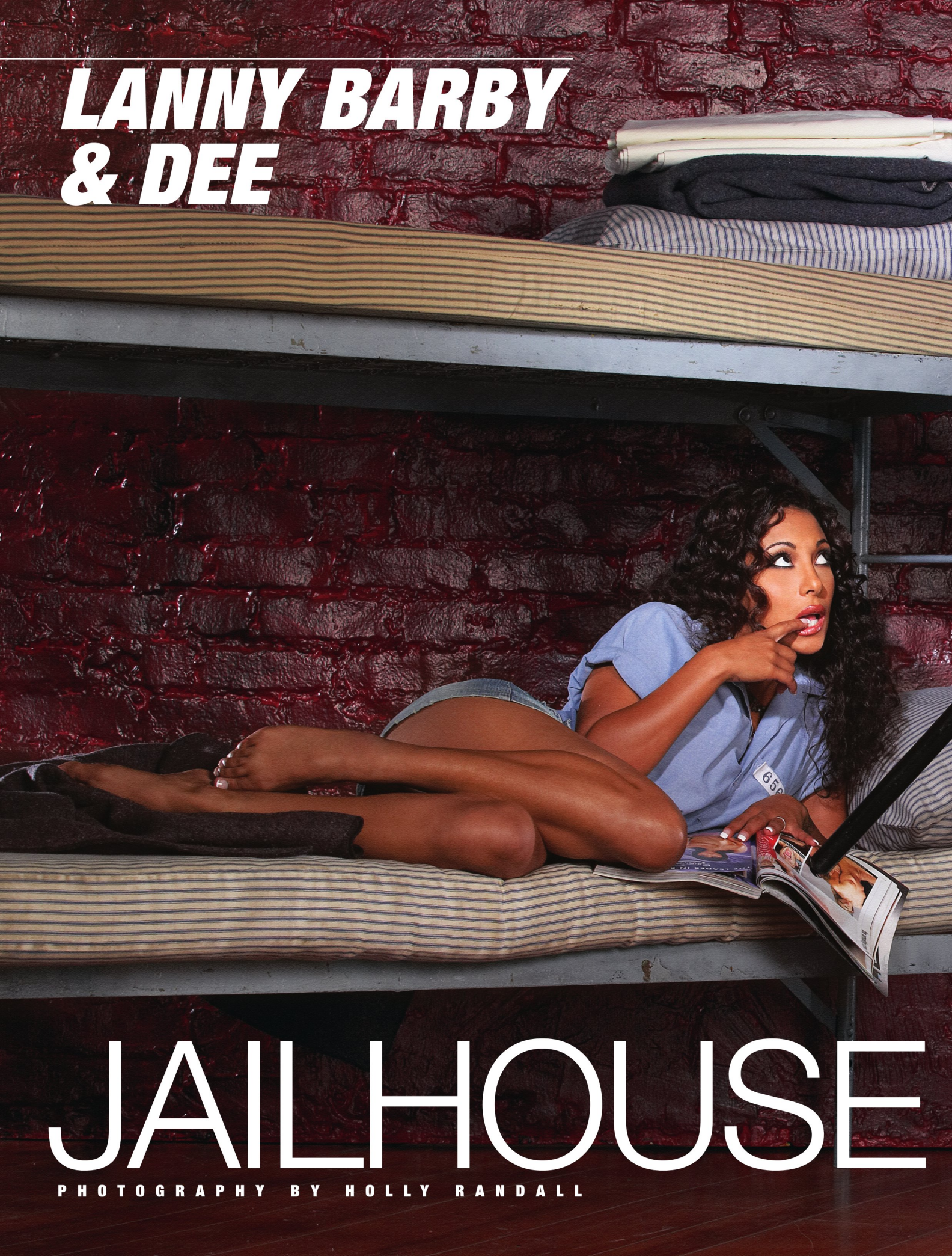
Finally, Emily discloses that she has one extreme fantasy left to fulfill. "I really want to fuck a guy with a strap-on," she declares. "I want to dominate him. I want to see his face in pain!"

To find out even more about our latest discovery, or to send the cyberhottie a personal message, head to **MySpace.com/EmilyAddisonBound**. And besides offering the aforementioned Internet clips, Emily is subjected to all sorts of kink at **SouthernCapturedBelles.com**.

E #13: EMILY ADDISON

PHOTOS BY SOUTHBOUND AND HLB PRODUCTIONS

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.


LANNY BARBY
& DEE
JAILHOUSE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

ROCK

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "JAILHOUSE ROCK"
(AS MADE FAMOUS BY ELVIS PRESLEY)

Warden threw a party at the county jail.
It was Lanny Barby showing off her tail.
Took control of Dee mighty quick.
Gave her a lashing with a big nightstick.
Let's rock! What a body! Let's rock!
These two hot chicks on the prison block
Will have you grabbing your cock.

Lanny was in charge and set to sin.
Dee's "hard time" was about to begin.
Guard had to teach the con the rules.
They start to screw. You start to drool.
Let's rock! What a body! Let's rock!
These two hot chicks on the prison block
Will have you grabbing your cock.

Lanny pulled a dildo out of thin air.
The two started sharing, without a care.
Both came quick, and here's the shock.
We'd all commit crimes to see *this* jailhouse rock.
Let's rock! What a body! Let's rock!
These two hot chicks on the prison block
Will have you grabbing your cock.

Watch Lanny Barby cop to it in *HUSTLER'S Taboo #4* and *Centerfolds #4*, while Dee does hard time in *Cum Stained, Muy Caliente* and *Kill Jill* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

WOMEN WHO KILL: PART 3 OF A SERIES

Kristin Rossum

CAUGHT COMMITTING THE PERFECT CRIME

BY LARRY WICHMAN

"I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER to be home," 25-year-old Kristin Rossum told CBS News in January 2002 after being released on a $1.25-million bond from Las Colinas, California, Womens' Detention Facility. As she awaited trial for the November 2000 poisoning of her husband, Gregory de Villers, Rossum relaxed in the yard of her parents' Claremont, California, home, vowing that she was innocent and sipping champagne for the cameras.

De Villers, a marketing executive for a San Diego biotech firm, was the son of a French count and plastic surgeon whose exclusive practice stretched from Monaco—on the French Riviera—to Los Angeles. Greg, who had grown up in Palm Springs, was attending college at the University of California, San Diego when he met Rossum on the pedestrian bridge at the border crossing outside Tijuana, Mexico, in 1994.

According to news accounts, authorities speculate the then-18-year-old Rossum had been heading to Tijuana to score drugs. Six weeks earlier she'd run away from home to hang out in San Diego, smoking crystal meth and getting drunk. It was the same lifestyle she'd indulged in at home since age 16, manipulating, stealing and lying to protect her habit. This behavior had gotten her into serious trouble, and by the time she met de Villers, the onetime straight-A student and accomplished ballerina was broke, strung out and dragging her sorry ass along, having hit rock bottom.

Rossum moved in with Greg that night, and he set out on a mission to turn the lost girl's life around. "We called Greg our godsend from heaven," Kristin's mother, Constance, told the CBS News program *48 Hours*. "I mean, of all the people she could have met, to have met a nice, decent person who wanted to take care of her. We thanked God."

Kristin, however, apparently did not.

According to authorities, at close to 9 p.m. on November 6, 2000, Kristin Rossum dialed 911 to alert them she had discovered de Villers' cold and lifeless body lying beneath the sheets in the couple's trendy La Jolla, California, bedroom. Kristin would tell police his chest was covered with red rose petals, which was similar to a scene in *American Beauty*. The couple's wedding picture from 17 months earlier lay next to him on the bed. On the floor was a crumpled love letter from her boss, with whom she was having an affair. On the table her diary was opened to a page wherein she described her marriage to de Villers as being a horrible mistake.

To police it appeared to be the scene of an obvious suicidal drug overdose due to love gone bad. To Rossum, it was the scene of what she hoped would be a perfect murder.

Now 23, Kristin was a lead toxicologist for the San Diego Medical Examiner's Office. Over the previous five years—thanks in no small part to de Villers' devotion, guidance and strength—Rossum had kicked her drug habit, graduated *summa cum laude* from San Diego State University with a degree in chemistry and re-bonded with her once-estranged parents.

Yet Rossum had not become a little angel. De Villers' male friends told the press they found Kristin overly flirtatious while she constantly complained Greg was obsessively jealous for no reason. By January 2000, Rossum was calling her parents, crying and moaning that she felt like "a little bird in a cage."

Six months later—barely a year into her marriage to de Villers—police say Rossum was having a full-blown affair with Michael Robertson. Kristin had quickly fallen madly in love with Robertson, an Australian toxicologist who was her supervisor at the coroner's office. Shortly after she began this romance, Rossum relapsed and began smoking crystal meth on a daily basis.

According to court testimony, by that fall de Villers had learned about both the sexual and substance indiscretions. In the days before his death Greg allegedly confronted Rossum, threatening to expose her to the chief medical examiner. In response, Rossum told her husband she'd decided to leave him.

Rossum would claim during her trial that this sent her husband into an emotional tailspin. Kristin claimed that on Sunday night, 24 hours before his death, Greg had taken Clonazepam and Oxycodone to get to sleep. These pharmaceuticals left him feeling so groggy that he'd stayed in bed the next day instead of going to work. Rossum said that she came home at lunch and that they'd shared some soup. Later, when she returned in the evening, Kristin found him sleeping soundly. She said she had kissed him on the forehead and then gone into the bathroom to shower and shave her legs. It wasn't until Rossum reentered the bedroom an hour later and got ready for bed that she pulled back the sheets, noticing the rose petals and her husband's cold, deathly pallor.

The criminal investigation was launched, say prosecutors, after de Villers' brothers—who refused to believe Greg would ever commit suicide—discovered Rossum had given her husband's organs up for transplant and was hurriedly trying to cremate the body.

Police would soon determine she had good reason to do so.

One of the first suggestions that something was amiss came from an investigator's interview with the paramedics who'd responded to

Rossum heads into court in 2002 with her parents at her side.

PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES

the 911 call. When they'd arrived, Rossum had still been on the phone with the dispatcher, who'd instructed her to roll her husband onto the floor to perform CPR.

According to court testimony, de Villers had been lying on the floor next to the bed when they rushed in. They later testified they saw rose petals on the sheets and on his chest, but when they rolled the unresponsive man onto his side, they found no rose petals underneath the body. They said they found it puzzling that if de Villers had covered himself with rose petals, that none had come fluttering to the bedroom floor beneath him when his wife had rolled him out of bed.

A close listen to tapes of the 911 phone call triggered even more questions. Rossum had made the call on a wireless phone too small to hold up to your mouth if you were giving CPR with two hands. Yet Rossum could clearly be heard counting off the number of compressions she was supposedly applying to her husband's chest.

Rossum attends her pretrial hearing.

Under normal circumstances de Villers' autopsy would have been handled by technicians at the San Diego coroner's office. But the investigation had uncovered the affair with Robertson—who would have been in charge of determining the level and types of drugs present in the victim's system. The probe also revealed that a considerable number of drugs, including methamphetamines, were missing from the coroner's office drug locker, to which Robertson held the key. As a result, Chief Medical Examiner Brian Blackbourne decided to perform the autopsy himself and to have the regional lab in Los Angeles run the toxicology tests on the blood and other bodily fluids.

The results out of L.A. were damaging, at best, for Rossum. It was determined that de Villers' blood contained amounts of both Clonazepam and Oxycodone, along with traces of the deadly drug fentanyl.

Fentanyl is a painkiller 100 times more powerful than morphine. It is often given to terminal cancer patients and can be administered via syringe, through a skin patch or orally in a liquid. It is so potent that only a few drops can kill. During a 2002 hostage-taking incident in a Moscow theater by Chechen terrorists, Russian commandos pumped fentanyl in mist form into the theater's air vents, killing 120 people.

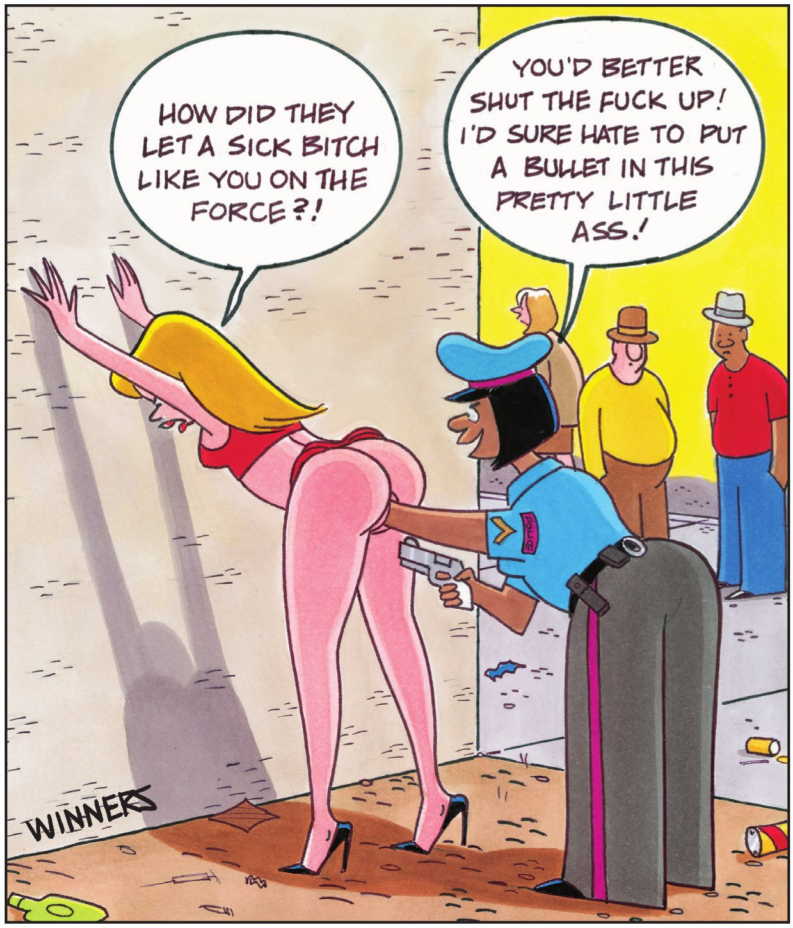
Toxicologists would testify that de Villers' blood contained 57 nanograms of the drug—seven times the lethal dose.

Among the drugs missing from the medical examiner's drug locker were 15 fentanyl patches and one vial containing 10 milligrams of powdered fentanyl. All 16 samples were allegedly from cases Rossum had worked on.

"It was the perfect poison," San Diego Deputy District Attorney David Hendron stated later in court. Rossum had known that San Diego County did not have the capability to test for fentanyl. Had the samples not been sent to L.A. for testing, she would have never stood trial for murder.

Prosecutors felt the drug evidence was not strong enough to ensure a conviction since it might be argued de Villers had administered the drug himself. Yet according to expert testimony at Rossum's November 2002 trial, if de Villers had taken that much fentanyl orally, he would have passed out almost immediately. If he had injected himself with the substance (there was a needle mark found near his elbow), he would have blacked out even quicker. And investigators did not find a single piece of fentanyl paraphernalia or residue anywhere in the apartment.

How then did de Villers ingest


HOW DID THEY LET A SICK BITCH LIKE YOU ON THE FORCE?!
YOU'D BETTER SHUT THE FUCK UP! I'D SURE HATE TO PUT A BULLET IN THIS PRETTY LITTLE ASS.!
WINNERS

the fentanyl? Prosecutors chose not to speculate. Nonetheless, Chief Medical Examiner Blackbourne testified that at the time of death de Villers' lungs were filled with fluid, which meant he'd likely lingered in a coma for six to 12 hours before he finally died.

It wasn't until the prosecution was in the midst of pretrial hearings that investigator Meredith Dent came across the smoking gun. Dent told the press that while retracing Rossum's steps on the day de Villers died, she discovered a receipt provided by the local Vons supermarket issued at 12:41 p.m., mere minutes before Rossum had served a bowl of warm soup to her allegedly suicidal husband.

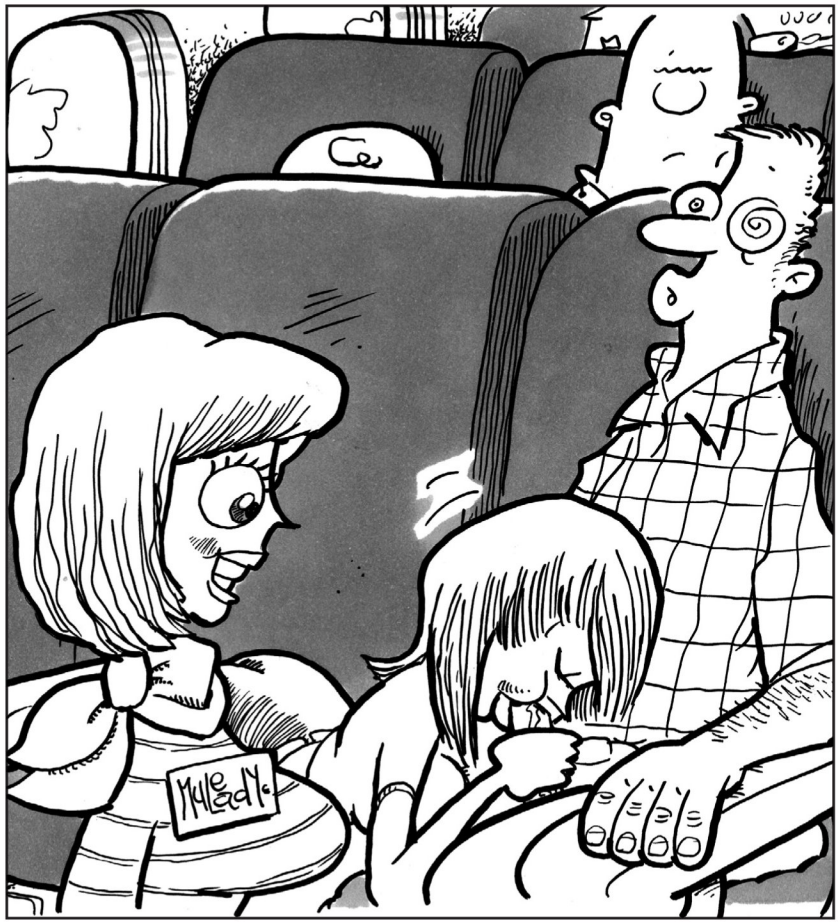
"She had bought soup and nighttime cold medicine," Dent says. "The very last item on the list was a single rose." It was the same rose, prosecutors would maintain, Rossum used later that night to scatter petals over her dead husband's corpse.

It took jurors just eight hours to reach a verdict. On November 13, 2002, after a three-week trial, Kristin Rossum was found guilty of first-degree murder with special circumstances in the death of her 26-year-old husband, and was sentenced to life in prison without the chance of parole.

Postscript: In March 2006 a jury deciding a multimillion-dollar wrongful death suit filed in Southern California by the de Villers family found Rossum guilty a second time and allegedly awarded the plaintiffs $106 million. The judgment, intended to keep Rossum from making money from book or movie deals, was subsequently reduced to $16 million.

Rossum is led out of court after sentencing on December 12, 2002.

"Here, wipe your mouth. There's still a little bullshit on your lips."



"We're preparing to land, miss. I need you to return your head to the upright position."

BIG

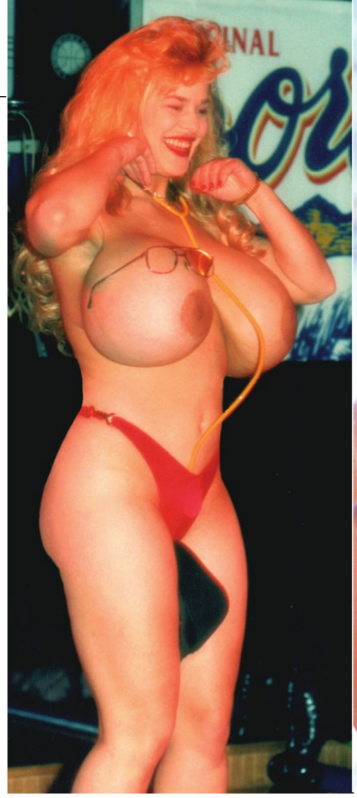
When it comes to admiring the female of the species, some men have the motto "the bigger, the better." The big breast fetish phenomenon reached the height of its popularity during the early to mid 1990s. Here are some of that era's bustiest beauties, who—with a little help from their plastic surgeons—have stretched the outer limits of bra cup sizes.

ECHO VALLEY

ECHO VALLEY's massive 65NN's are the product of five different surgeries! The grand dame of old burlesque, Echo started out at 34AA, wearing no bra at all, and kept going larger and larger after seeing Lisa Lipps as a feature dancer in the early '90s and being fascinated by her. But as she added size, she also added talent, buying costume after costume and coming up with exciting stage shows in the traditions of Chesty Morgan and Blaze Starr. Always cracking jokes and having fun with audiences, Echo believes that "a feature should stand out in a crowd. When I walk into a club, everybody knows I'm the feature." Whether you like to be teased or pleased, Echo Valley is the total adult entertainer, and can be found at **EchoValleyXXX.com**.

BUSTY Babes

BY ASLUM KHAN



CRYSTAL STORM

CRYSTAL STORM takes pleasure to the next level, actually providing private shows for discerning gentlemen from her new Web site, **CrystalStorm.us**. "I let my original Web site lapse, so some jerk bought up the name and has been trying to extort money from me," she moans. Obviously the fool has his head in the wrong place, for the 121KKK-28-36 feature has a lot more to offer than money. Crystal is not only busty, but flexible, boasting that she can actually get into most yoga positions, except one: "If I stood on my head, my boobs would suffocate me," she giggles. "But I can do just about everything else." Originally a DD cup, Crystal knew early on that in spite of her barely five-foot frame, she could be one of the biggest ever up top. She underwent surgery in the early '90s to get her current 2000 cc's of breast (fifty-some inches around) and hasn't looked back since (or been able to, comfortably). The normally quiet and reserved Crystal provides sexy and seductive shows, depending on the mood of the crowd. "If they're wild, I'll do a fire show or something like that," she says, "and if it's a room full of businessmen, I'll go for the slow striptease. That usually gets them out of their shells."

KAYLA KUPCAKES

KAYLA KUPCAKES (**KaylaKupcakes.com**), on the other hand, has never had problems with businessmen. Her 66KK bustline was a gift from a wealthy sugar daddy, an older gentleman who saw her original 34C-24-35 frame, beautiful face and blond hair, and knew she'd be a feature. He paid for two surgeries toward the end of the last decade to get Kayla to her current state, before finally dropping out of her life for reasons she doesn't even understand. "He was a J. Howard Marshall-type, but actually treated me like a daughter," and his ill health suggests to Kayla that perhaps she was his final gift to big-bust lovers everywhere. Originally a big fan of muscular, rocker types, in recent years her taste has turned to men more like her original sugar daddy. Her latest beau is a surprisingly handsome and fit millionaire of 57 years, at least 20 years her senior! But Kayla still has a wild streak: She delights fans in hard-core videos of her own, replacing the need to be wild onstage with being wild on camera. Though quiet at home, she gets saucy when she's out on the town.

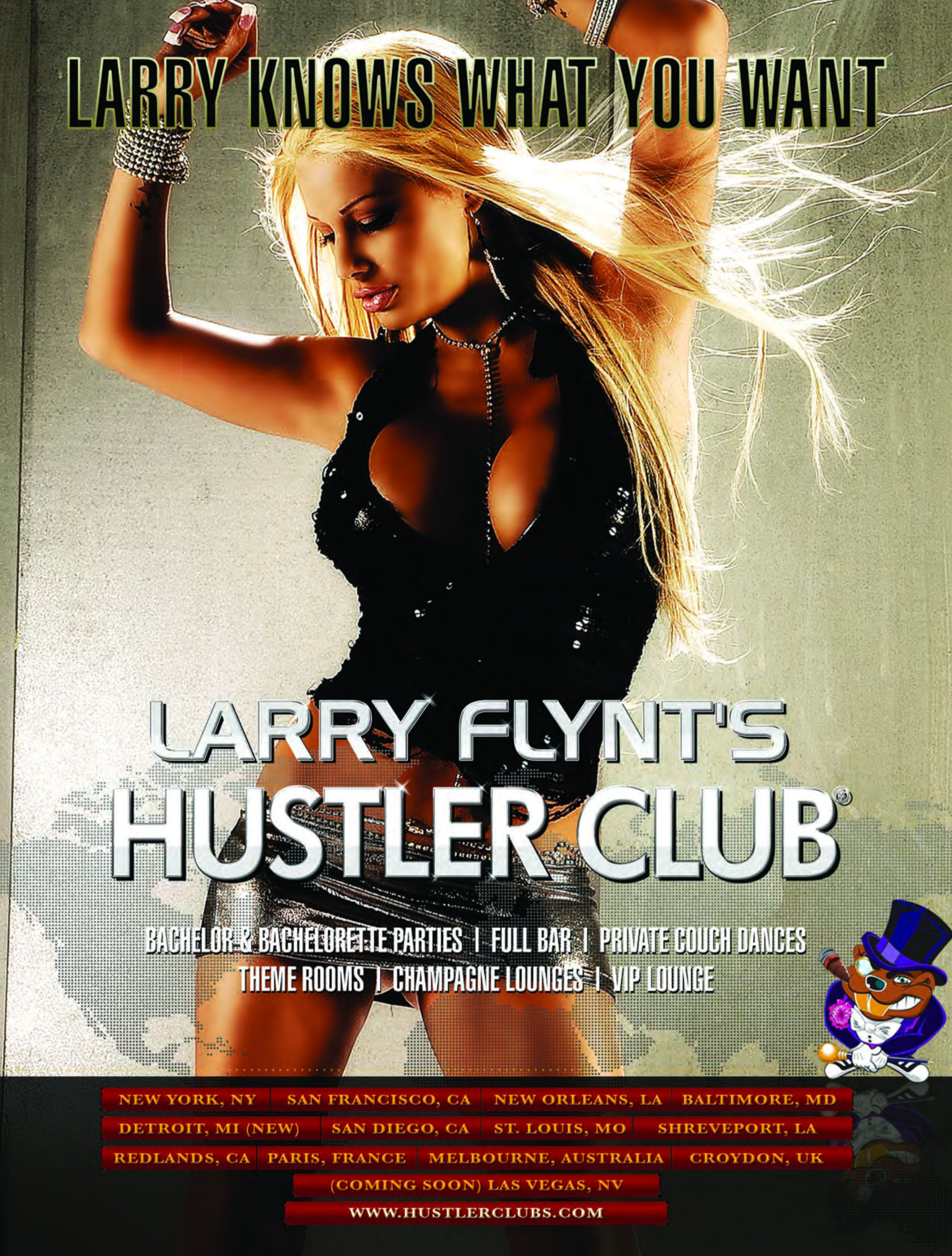
SUMMER SINN lives the most quiet life of all, enjoying a long-term relationship that's enhanced by her own enhancement. Summer's 36JJ's were originally D's, but inspired by retired performer Deena Duos in the mid-'90s, Summer just had to get some of her own mega-boobs. Not only have they improved her sex life dramatically, Summer says, but she absolutely loves the look. "If I ever get a reduction," she promises, "they'll never get smaller than DDD's." In the meantime, summer is busting out all over, and you can find sweet-voiced Summer at **SummerSinn.net**.

SUMMER SINN

CHELSEA CHARMS was a D-cupped teen before adding 26 pounds of pure, unadulterated polypropylene to her 5'3" frame. Now Chelsea's bra stretches to accommodate 10,000 cc's of delicious breastflesh! Maxi Mounds (from our last article) holds the world record for "Biggest Augmented Breasts," but debate rages among funbag fans as to whether the record should really belong to Chelsea, who advertises her bodacious bust size as being 153XXX-23-34. Silly and smart, Chelsea likes reading Anne Rice and Charles Dickens novels, playing pranks and shaking her sacks across the country as a feature entertainer. In her early 30s now, Chelsea is having the time of her life as one of the biggest of the big. And since they've banned the "silly string surgery" that created mammary marvels like Chelsea and Maxi to begin with, she may be on top for a long time to come.

CHELSEA CHARMS

The writer popularly known as Khan got his start writing stories and interviews about women with big tits for one of our former sister publications. While that magazine folded, his passion for big breasts and writing never did. He works as a college counselor by day and moonlights as a HUSTLER contributor. He encourages you to send your comments, suggestions and money to his xPeeps page: ***xPeeps.com/akhan41.***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FERRES UNSHACKLED

New comic magazine TABOO ILLUSTRATED lets BDSM artists go wild.

DOE-EYED INGÉNUES hammered up the ass by bearded barbarians. Sex nuns fucked by man and machine, with supple tits heaving and full lips trembling.

This is the depraved art of Ferres, featured in the newest magazine created by Larry Flynt Publications, *HUSTLER'S TABOO ILLUSTRATED*.

Already well known among perv comic fans for his *The Naked Earth* epic, Ferres has connected with HUSTLER to expand his reach.

"BDSM is sex with an element [of] drama, making it more compelling, like a battle scene in an epic movie," Ferres told HUSTLER. "BDSM is sex on steroids, lying on a bed of nails over a hot furnace, screaming profanities."

In his stories, humiliation and subjugation are part of the plot, with idealized, teary women, glistening and bare. The frequent medieval settings (even his sci-fi is peopled with barons and bishops) provide the squalor for the sexual martyrdom of damsels—from princesses to wenches—in distress.

"[The medieval atmosphere] puts strength and power above rights and justice," Ferres explained. "It gave us an honest portrait of the nature of man with naked brutality. We like to think we have evolved beyond that brute, but that creature is still us. We are just better at holding him back."

Despite all the graphic sex, torture and mayhem, Ferres still knows where to draw the line: "If it makes me queasy, I just won't do it. For example, I won't do an upbeat, happy story."

You can see more of Ferres's art at **DoFantasy.com**, **BDSMartwork.com**, **FerresArt.com** and in the first issue of *TABOO ILLUSTRATED*, on sale December 11, 2007.

BY JOSH STEICHMANN

LIPS OF AN ANGE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES LIGHTFOOT FOR HICKSPHOTO

ANGEL DARK

Let us shine a little light on **Angel Dark**: "I came to America in 2001 with one goal in mind—be a porn star. Not just an adult actress. Since I got here, I've been working my ass off, literally. I have now done over 100 films, and I don't plan on stopping until everyone in the world of adult entertainment knows my name."

Angel Dark is single: "I can't seem to keep a boyfriend around. Since my job is such a public affair, it's very hard to find a guy who'll love me for me. I don't want to date the costars I fuck on film because that would feel too much like work. Most of the men I meet outside porn freak out when they learn what I do. It's hard to find a guy who'll romance me after seeing me doing ass to mouth on film."

Angel is on the go: "I wish I could talk more now, but I have to get to a shoot. I just hope that the readers who dig my photos will check me out online and come see me at my personal appearances. I love meeting guys who are into my work. And remember, guys, I'm unattached. So maybe we can hook up."

ANGEL'S VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: Bratislava, Slovakia
AGE: 25
BIRTH SIGN: Aries
HEIGHT: 5-8

See **Angel Dark** earn her wings in *HUSTLER XXX #17, Professianals #8, HUSTLER Hardcore Vault #5* and *Euro Babes Gone Wild* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

After a night of drinking, a guy and his Chinese girlfriend ended up in his bedroom. "What do you want to do, honey?" the hottie purred. "I'm up for anything."

"Well, in that case," her boyfriend whispered, "what I'd really like is a 69."

"Forget it!" the Chinese chick exclaimed. "There's no way I'm cooking chicken chow mein at this time of night!"

Question: What do Shaquille O'Neal and a Catholic priest have in common?

Answer: They're both a lot taller than their sex partners.

Bill told his new wife, "I heard that the mailman has gotten a blowjob from every woman on our street except one."

The gorgeous blonde pondered for a moment and huffed, "I'll bet it's that snooty Mrs. Jenkins down the street."

A mechanic walked into a post office and watched as a well-dressed gentleman stood at a counter and methodically placed "love" stamps on bright-pink envelopes covered with hearts. Then the dapper fellow took out a tiny vial and sprayed perfume all over them.

Curiosity getting the better of him, the grease monkey asked the other guy what he was doing. "I'm sending out a thousand Valentine cards signed, 'Guess who, lover?'" he explained.

"No kiddin'?" the confounded mechanic remarked. "But why?"

The sharp dresser replied, "Because I'm a divorce lawyer!"

Two Bostonians passing through Alabama got a sudden urge for female companionship, but after hours of looking they gave up. Eventually, while driving along a country road, they spotted a sow. One of the men jumped out, scooped up the oinker and stuck it on the front seat between them.

As the Beantowners continued on, a police siren sounded behind them, and they pulled over. Not wanting to be caught with a stolen pig, the petrified travelers tossed a blanket over it.

A deputy sheriff approached the driver and asked what he and his passenger were up to. "We were just out looking for women," the driver replied truthfully. Then, suddenly, the big sow stuck its face through the folds of the blanket.

The lawman stared for a few seconds, shook his head sadly and drawled, "Ma'am, what's a nice Southern gal like you doin' with these here Yankees?!"

Question: Why does a young woman dressed in leather make a redneck horny?

Answer: Because she smells like a brand-new pickup truck.

One morning the Seven Dwarfs headed to work at the local diamond mine, while Snow White stayed home to prepare lunch. Just before noon she arrived with sandwiches, only to learn that there had been a terrible cave-in. Fearing the worst, Snow White began calling out, hoping against hope that some of the dwarfs had survived."Hello?! Hello?!" she hollered. "Can anyone hear me?! Hello?!" For quite a while, there was no answer. Getting desperate, Snow White tried again. "Hello?! Is anyone down there?!"

Just as she was about to give up all hope, a faint voice came from deep in the mine. Someone was going, "Vote for Hillary! Vote for Hillary!"

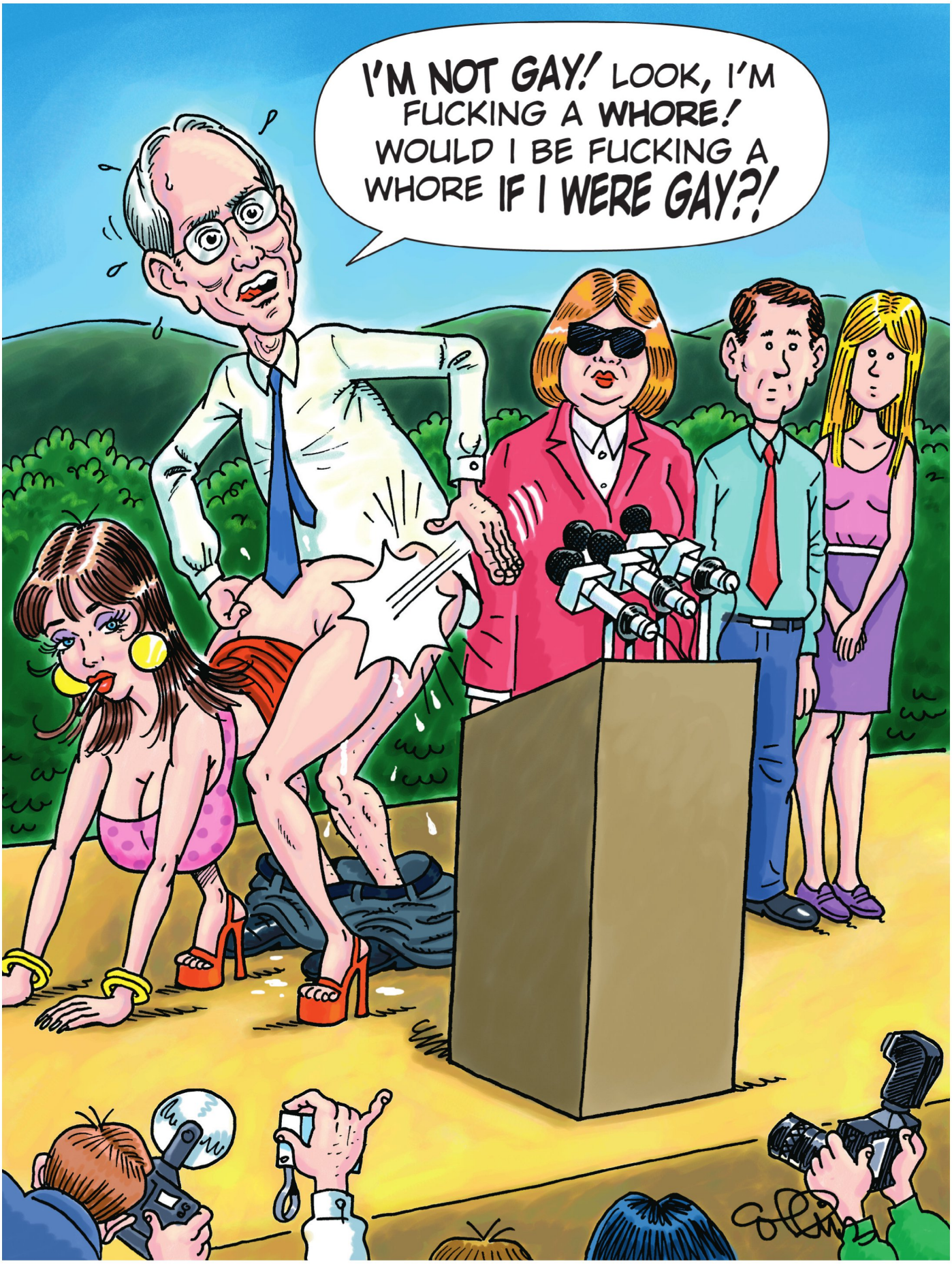
Totally relieved, Snow White wiped a tear from her eye and screamed ecstatically, "Oh, thank God! Dopey is still alive!"

GRAFFILTHY

I can suck, and I can lick.
I take the pussy, and I take the dick.
The pussy drowns and buries my nose.
The cock will hang and curl my toes.
But the love I have for both of these
is even greater when I'm on my knees.
I lick the pussy till I taste the cum.
I suck the dick till the balls go numb.
I stick my fingers in her little hole
and wrap my hand around his huge pole.
But either/or, it doesn't bother me
'cause it's all good when
there's more than three!

Thanks and $50 go to Amy S.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



LARRY CRAIG DAMAGE CONTROL

NIKKI SIXX

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

"Dear Diary"

NIKKI SIXX SHOULD NOT BE DOING an interview with HUSTLER; he should be dead. At one point he actually was dead for a few minutes thanks to an overdose. We caught up with the reborn bassist for Mötley Crüe at his Funny Farm Studios, where the once-addled rocker discussed his latest undertakings.

HUSTLER: Tell us about your book.

NIKKI SIXX: *The Heroin Diaries* are actually my diaries from 1986 and 1987, and they don't just deal with heroin. They look at sort of my whole downward spiral as a human being. In looking at '81 through 1985, I saw a kid that had a dream and that the band had started to happen. All the *Caligula* and all the *Animal House* stuff that should, would, can and hopefully always will happen happened when you are forming a band, from being a club band to becoming an arena band.

In the end of 1986 there was a real turn of feelings going into 1987. It had gone from being a party to being a private hell. It should have been one of the high points of my life, but was actually one of the low points. Then it shows me kind of coming out the end of that.

Now that you're clean and sober, how odd is it to look back on that time?

I'll be honest with you: Reading [the manuscript] was like reading someone else's journals.

Was there anything that scared you?

No, nothing that necessarily scared me. It baffled me and opened my eyes to stuff. It was amazing for me to see where I was.

Are there chunks of your life you can't remember?

There is stuff that I didn't remember that upon reading it, I thought, *That's right.* When you are touring, it becomes this huge blur. That day is not a blur, but a week from that day it is a blur. So you are actually living in the moment. When I'm in Mississippi, I'm in Mississippi. But by the time I get to New York, Mississippi seems like a lifetime ago. So by documenting it, it has always been really good for me as a writer to go back. I can say: "That's right. I remember when I played that festival and that we flew in on a chopper. I remember what we said."

In the timeframe of *The Heroin Diaries* you overdosed. Do you remember that?

It had been one of these things in my head that had always sort of been there. Almost been like a fantasy. When we did *Behind the Music* for VH1, it just kind of blurted out. I was talking and had this vision of what happened to me. When I found the actual diaries after we did *Behind the Music*, it was amazing how accurate it actually was. In the diaries I was scared. It

You Gotta Watch Something

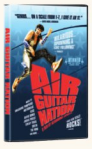
A look at the latest DVDs.

Everybody Hates Chris: *The Second Season*

Critics love to rip on Chris Rock. They often say that America's funniest comic can't do anything besides stand-up. While it's true that most of his movies don't measure up, his sitcom is hilarious. Based on Rock's childhood (and featuring his own voice-over narration), *Everybody Hates Chris* is laugh-out-loud funny.

Blades of Glory

Not as funny as *Old School* or *Anchorman*, but way better than *Talladega Nights*, the new Will Ferrell comedy is only good if you're willing to suspend disbelief. Two straight professional figure skaters? One portrayed by the *Napoleon Dynamite* guy cast as someone other than Napoleon Dynamite? Get beyond that, and you'll laugh your ass off.



Air Guitar Nation

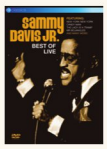
We have all done it. While listening to a rocking guitar lick, we've picked up a broom or a tennis racket or nothing at all and played a little air guitar. As you'll see in this film, some people take that quirky little pastime a bit too seriously.

Bosom Buddies: *The Second Season*

Before becoming an A-list movie star, Tom Hanks was "that funny guy from that TV show where the guys pretend to be chicks to live in a hotel." If you want to see a nice slice of pre-superstardom Hanks or just ogle bosomy Donna Dixon, you need to pick this up.

Dexter: *The First Season*

This killer cable series stars Michael C. Hall of *Six Feet Under* fame as a crime-solving serial murderer. Think Monk if he were homicidal. Think Columbo if he ended every episode by torturing the bad guys.

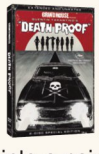


The Best of Sammy Davis Jr. Live

Davis was part of the Rat Pack with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Joey Bishop. He helped put Las Vegas on the map. He dated more beautiful movie stars than Owen Wilson. Sammy Davis Jr. was the man.

Family Ties: *The Second Season*

Remember the Reagan years? Well, the Keaton family still does. The TV sitcom that best depicted life during the 1980s is now available on DVD. Relive a time before Michael J. Fox got famous, Justine Bateman got unhot, and Tina Yothers got downright scary.



Death Proof

How do you make a more superior film than *Grindhouse*, which captured critical acclaim but not much box office? Split the doubleheader into a pair of full-length offerings, of course. The better half—Quentin Tarantino's *Death Proof*—has been expanded to a two-DVD set. How could you not love a flick that features Kurt Russell as a killer stuntman and Rosario Dawson as anything?

scared the hell out of me. That, I believe, was the beginning of the end for me.

Even after overdosing, you didn't stay sober?

A couple of the guys went out [of sobriety] and took till about '93, maybe '94, and I too went out. Once I sort of got my hooks into feeling better, it was like a slip; then I was back sober. A slip and back to clean. I would go in chunks. I would go two years, three years clean. It really confirmed to me that drugs weren't right for me. The temptation was always lurking.

When I was out on our "New Tattoo" tour, the band was falling apart, and I was sort of having a lot of problems in my personal life. I was trying to find an outside medication to numb the—to deal with it. Which wasn't unlike what I did when I was a teenager. Very different from what I did generally in '86 and '87. That was a full-blown addiction.

As a teenager, I was running from something. Whatever I could do to not face it became a habit—in time a huge habit. By 2000 everything had gone to hell. I checked myself in rehab in 2001, and then it became perfectly clear. Not clear with a little bit of murk, but perfectly clear.

As an artist, songwriter, and father, it's all gotten very, very easy to be alive. What I find interesting is that in the last year I went through a horrendous divorce, which was very difficult for me. If you look back historically on one of the things that was a problem for me, it's that my father left when I was three. As a father, I didn't want to repeat that with *my* kids. I didn't want to do that.

I stayed sober through that to be a role model for my kids and then put together this book. Still, to be able to kick as much ass, if not more ass than I ever did in my life and feel good about it.

Why is *The Heroin Diaries* more than just another rock 'n' roll bio?

It would be very linear to just say '86 and '87, and here is all the stuff that happened. This is documentation of that, and you know what? Woe is me.

Multimillionaire touring the world, millions of fans, and God doesn't life just suck because I had a drug problem? Nikki Sixx, piss off! I thought, *How do I get these diaries to do something for someone else and at the same time still feel good coming out the other side and still feel good about being a musician and artist?*

So we started off by getting all the band members to talk behind it and do their commentaries. I said to the guys, "I need you to be really honest on what it was like then, not so much now. What it was like then." They're all good guys.

We spent hours and hours with all the band members thinking now we are getting somewhere. We came back with this brutal honesty. We went back to ex-girlfriends, back to ex-managers and record company execs, musicians. We started getting this commentary, and I thought, *This is beautiful.* Now you are a fly on the wall.

Did any comments by your friends or bandmates surprise you?

Nothing. I was so excited that they were that honest, because the diaries are that honest. I have always been a very honest and upfront person in interviews. Whether you like it or not, I am always going to say and do what is in my heart. It has gotten me in trouble, and it has gotten me down the road farther than most people would expect.

What is the greatest song you have ever written?

Every musician will tell you it's the one they just wrote. So my answer is not going to be far off. One of the last songs I wrote with DJ Ashba and James Michael for the Sixx: A.M. CD was called "Accidents Can Happen." I've had so many people call me and tell me that it made them cry. It's about relapse. Not only drugs and alcohol, but relationships. Anything.

For me I look at Mötley Crüe and say: "Wow! Cool body of work. I'm really proud of the band." But Sixx: A.M. is like a whole new adventure, so it's really fresh and exciting for me. I look forward to making the next Mötley Crüe record someday, but for right now I'm living in this reality.

Can you ever imagine a world without Mötley Crüe?

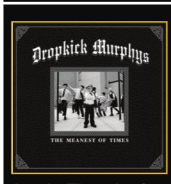
Yeah. Not for anything other than all good things do come to an end. Mötley Crüe has just tried to self-destruct so many times that it's almost ridiculous. We must be a cat with 39 lives, not nine. It just seems to not want to die. If it ended today, I'd be very happy. I think that we have done things that very few bands have accomplished. ■

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

THE SIMPSONS
Testify

The subtitle says it all: "A Whole Lot More Original Music From the Television Series." This disc collects some of the best and brightest tunes from the longest-running sitcom in TV history. You'll find yourself singing along with a ton of musical guests, which include Jackson Browne, the B-52's (doing "Glove Slap") and Weird Al.

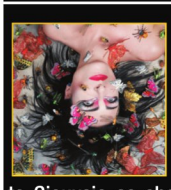


DROPKICK MURPHYS
The Meanest of Times

This is not a CD; it is a party! Do yourself a favor: Pick up *The Meanest of Times* along with a keg of beer. Then invite as many friends over as possible to get drunk. Then let it spin. Make sure some of those friends are loose chicks who can't hold their liquor. Highlights include "God Willing," "Shattered" and "Flannigan's Ball."

TED NUGENT
Love Grenade

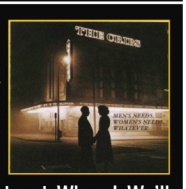
Get ready to get "Cat Scratch Fever" all over again. The Nuge celebrates his 40th anniversary in music with this rocking new CD. With true-to-form tracks like "Girl Scout Cookies" and "Bridge Over Troubled Daughters," you'll find yourself screaming for more. Remember, life is simple. Kill something. Cook it. Eat it. Listen to Nugent.



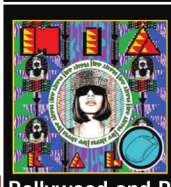
SIOUXSIE
Mantaray

The reigning queen of goth rock roars back with this brilliant CD. Flying solo for the first time (without the Banshees or the Creatures) seems to come easy to Siouxsie as she moans and wails her way through a bunch of styles. Highlights include the modern glam of "It's About to Happen" and the industrial dance of "Into a Swan."

THE CRIBS
Men's Needs, Women's Needs, Whatever



The Cribs may be England's best export since dark beer. The band is so good, we just might forgive their country for spawning the Spice Girls—but not Wham! We'll never forgive the Brits for that!



M.I.A.
Kala

M.I.A. follows up overhyped *Arular* with fantastic, futuristic AK-47 dance hall beats and global, *Blade Runnner*-esque funk, from both Bollywood and Brixton. It's floor-fillers about "Boyz" and bombs.

—Josh Steichmann

(continued on page 100)

Fountains of Wayne

KINGS OF POP

IN A WORLD WHERE POP MUSIC is not a dirty word, Fountains of Wayne would be king. We snuck backstage at *The Late Late Show With Craig Ferguson* to touch base with the entire group: Adam Schlesinger, Chris Collingwood, Brian Young and Jody Porter.

HUSTLER: Are you the saviors of pop?

ADAM: Is that a question? Yes we are. (*Laughs.*)

Who are your favorite power pop bands?

BRIAN: We like the Knack—

JODY: The Knack, Cheap Trick, all the original purveyors of fine power pop music.

Was it a help or a hindrance when your single "Stacy's Mom" became a hit?

ADAM: I'd say overall it was a help because it let us keep going as a band.

Did you notice an increase in MILF groupies?

CHRIS: We had a lot of girls show up with T-shirts that said, "I Am Stacy" or "I Am Stacy's Mom."

BRIAN: Or "MILF." One mom had a shirt that said "SILF," and it had a picture of a sandwich on it.

ADAM: You guys at HUSTLER should consider a photo-spread based on that idea.

BRIAN: One time on a flight I was talking to one of the stewardesses, and she said, "You know, since you guys came out with that song, it's just been hell. Every college kid thinks it's okay to hit on me."

On the single "Radiation Vibe" why was the "dumb ape on the couch" reading *Playboy* instead of HUSTLER?

CHRIS: Because he's not smart enough. (*Laughs.*) He doesn't know a good magazine when he sees it.

The first single from the new CD is "Someone to Love," so if Fountains of Wayne were to write a personal ad, how would it read?

ADAM: SWB—single white band seeks same for long walks on beach—

JODY: And other!

Do you ever worry that your songs might be too smart for the masses?

CHRIS: They're not that smart. (*Laughs.*)

ADAM: I've never tried playing them in Mass.

JODY: We can play them after a half-bottle of Jameson's Irish Whiskey, so I guess it doesn't have to be that intelligent or intellectual.

Have you heard from newswoman Sue Simmons since mentioning her in the song "Traffic & Weather"?

ADAM: No, but that was really a ploy just to get to meet her. I've had a crush on her for many years.

Did it work?

ADAM: We met her for two seconds at Conan [O'Brien's show]. The news studio is right next to Conan's. She's looked the same my whole life. So has Chuck Scarborough. They might be holograms actually. Or robots.

CHRIS: Or Fembots. Remember them from *The Six Million Dollar Man*?

Packed with so much detailed imagery, your songs are like mini-films for the ears. How do you keep coming up with them?

ADAM: Out of my creative influence. (*Laughs.*) I don't know. We just like to write little stories, and we like to put in a lot of little details. It just sort of became a thing that we do in this band sometimes. I think a lot of the songwriters that we admired, like Ray Davies and Randy Newman, do that. We just started sort of imitating that.

If you were to write a song about being interviewed by HUSTLER backstage at *The Late Late Show*, how would the chorus go?

ADAM [*singing*]: "Get out of our dressing room, guy from HUSTLER!" (*Laughs.*)

And how about a title?

JODY: For me it would be "Thanks for the Mag—I'm Going to Take It Back to the Hotel and Use It."

BRIAN: Or "Thanks for Warping My Psyche for the Last 20 Years."

Pop kings Adam Schlesinger, Jody Porter, Brian Young and Chris Collingwood.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

MF DOOM
MM..Food?

MF Doom's classically underappreciated CD gets the rerelease treatment complete with fancy artwork, a bonus DVD and interesting packaging. This lost classic, which was originally released before the rap enigma's breakthrough collaboration with Danger Mouse (as Danger Doom), is back! Who else but the crazed masked genius of Doom (a/k/a Viktor Vaughn) could write a funked-out odyssey dedicated solely to food?

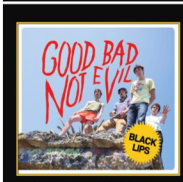
BEIRUT
The Flying Club Cup

A nice mix of moody and melodic tones tied in with interesting percussion and a batch of Talking Heads-influenced lyrics make this CD a must-have. Ironically, the band flew halfway around the world and back to get the inspiration before returning to record it at home. *The Flying Club Cup* is the perfect soundtrack for both world travelers and shut-ins.

CALVIN HARRIS
I Created Disco

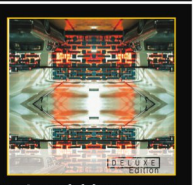
Shades of Daft Punk and Chemical Brothers (not to mention Kraftwerk) throb through this funky CD. If you are looking for flowing, fun and danceable beats from the most unlikely source—Scotland—then you should give Calvin Harris a spin.

BLACK LIPS
Good Bad Not Evil



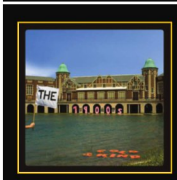
Like the best gumbo you've ever had served in a bowl so dirty you don't dare actually look, Black Lips' swampy new CD is tasty. If you like what the White Stripes used to be and feel like stomping your foot to the beat (stomping, not *tapping*), then this disc is for you.

THE CRYSTAL METHOD
Vegas: Deluxe Edition



The quintessential electronica CD of the past ten years gets expanded and the deluxe makeover to celebrate its first decade. The new two-CD set features all the best and bleeps you raved your ass off to, plus a bonus disc of remixes. *Vegas* is so good, it might get you thinking about grabbing some Ecstasy and your old baby pacifier to head back to that warehouse you used to rave in. Forget it. The place is now condos.

THE 1900S
Cold & Kind



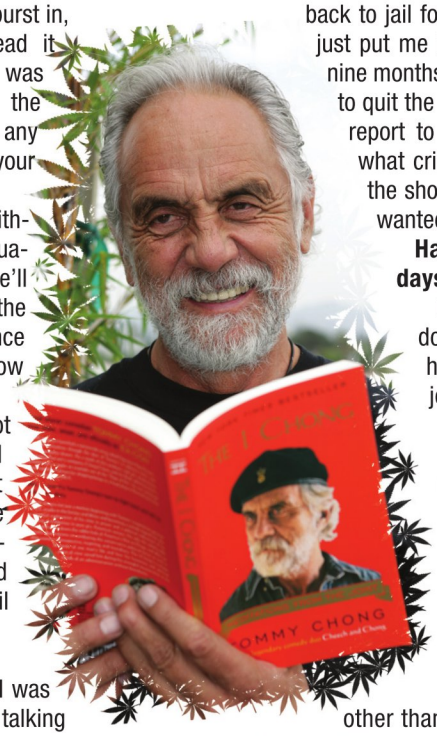
Orchestral pop rock. Wait! Don't be scared. Sure, it's different, but in a good way. Kind of like the first time you heard the Velvet Underground or the Arcade Fire. So relax and try something new. You might enjoy the 1900s. Would it help to tell you that there are three cuties in the band? We thought it would.

"I gave away so many millions of dollars uncovering cheating, hypocritical politicians, I went broke!"

(continued from page 43) They burst in, handed me the warrant. I couldn't read it because I didn't have my glasses, and it was dark. One of them said, "We are here to seize the items on this warrant." Then he asked if I had any marijuana. I said, "Um, yeah, every room. Take your pick." I tried to help him. That's what stoners do.

So I asked them, "What kind of a drug raid is this without dogs?" He said, "We are not really looking for marijuana." I asked what they were looking for, and he said, "We'll tell you in a minute." They went marching out with all the computers. That's what really pissed me off. Because once they get them, they ruin them. You might as well throw them in the garbage. Fuckers!

The funny part was I turned to the guy and said I got to take a shit. He told one of his guys to go with me. I told him, "I wouldn't do that if I were you. You don't want to be around an old man when he takes a dump in the morning. That could ruin you." (*Laughs.*) They kept asking me if I had any weapons in the house. They wanted to find a fucking gun. If they had, I would've been in jail five years.



What were the Feds looking for?

Publicity, bottom line. Right before the raid on Iraq, I was on the road doing all kinds of conservative radio shows talking shit. I think that got me on their radar. They investigated the bong company my son owned. Did the entrapment thing so we would ship bongs across the state line and break the law. They would have gotten my son, so I pled guilty.

What was jail like?

It was like Club Med, only with Cheech & Chong fans. I did the full nine months. (*Long pause.*) It was good. It was a life-changing experience all around.

Are you angry about the ordeal?

No, because I pled guilty. I also needed the experience. I've been talking the talk for years. How many guys can you say have made a living, made millions of dollars getting high? I told my son, if you talk the talk, you'd better walk the walk. I really didn't believe that you could go to jail for smoking something that makes you laugh. This is an injustice I had to bring attention to.

What do you think of the Bush Administration?

I really think that George W. Bush is going to win *Last Comic Standing*. He's got a helluva shot. I don't see anyone out there that's funnier.

How long was your probation, and what were the terms?

I had to quit the play I was doing, *The Marijuana-Logues*.

Why?

When you are on probation, you're still in jail. That's why they couldn't put Scooter Libby on probation. Because he had to do some jail time first. You have to check in with your probation officer. There is a clause in there saying that if you witness a crime and don't report it, then you are subject to five years additional jail time and five years more probation.

If the government got pissed off at me for doing the "monologues" and checked on the show in Seattle, where they saw several people smoking pot all over the place, and I didn't report it, I would go back to jail for five years. This is a government that had just put me in jail for one count of [selling] a bong for nine months. They would have loved to get me. So I had to quit the show right on the road, fly back to L.A. and report to my probation officer. I wrote out exactly what crimes I saw and gave the reason why I quit the show. They weren't happy. I had a feeling they wanted me back in jail.

Have you stopped smoking pot these days?

No. I smoke it now. I broke my fast of not doing it. I was at Hunter S. Thompson's house, so I had to. I felt his ghost put the joint in my mouth and light it up.

Do you worry about getting busted?

I'm aware. I don't travel with it. I got my medical card. When I travel, all the fans give me presents. I just leave it behind. I tell the conservative talk-show hosts that pot is so readily available now, I would be an idiot to take it on a plane. Fucking Homeland Security is gonna look through it. If I have to quit for good, then okay. I've never been addicted to anything other than my old lady.

Back to Scooter Libby.

He was the Achilles' heel of the Bush Administration. Patrick Fitzgerald did to Scooter what they did to me. He wanted Cheney and the big boys. That administration has broken so many laws—not only American laws, international laws. Their ass is hanging out there for the Hague and the World Court. If I were Cheney, unless he gets indicted before he gets out of office, I wouldn't travel anywhere after he gets out, because the world is angry. Bush went to war on false pretenses. On lies! They invaded a country, executed the leader that they put in themselves.

The Bush Administration, Halliburton and those guys are in it for the bucks. They have no soul and no qualms about what they are doing. We live in a perfect universe, and for every action, there is a reaction. No matter how covert their actions are, that shit will come out eventually. Sometimes it takes a long time. In Bush and Cheney's case, it's instant.

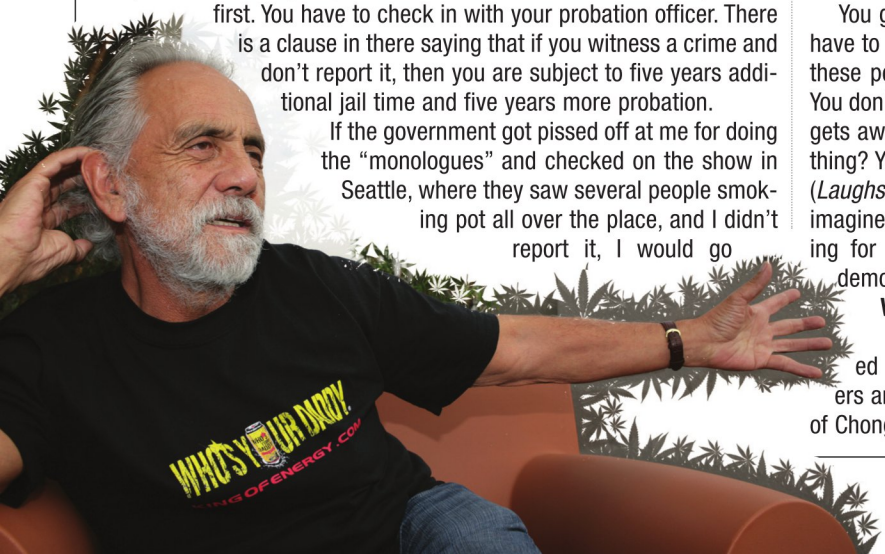
Why do you think Cheney shot his best friend in the face? I'll tell you why: demons. When you allow yourself to be absent of goodness, then you are a receptacle for bad demons. Humans are put on this earth as a test. When you get lots of things thrown at you—like the wealth that Halliburton can throw in front of Cheney, or the Arabs can throw in front of Bush—that's a lot of wealth, and if you are godless in your heart and go for that, you are wide open for the demons. And the demons fuck with you!

Will Bush get away with it?

You gotta have faith. The universe is perfect. To go through life, you have to be in balance. We are all governed by gravity. What happens to these people when they get off balance? Bad things start happening. You don't have to worry about Bush getting away with anything. Nobody gets away with anything. You think O.J. is going to get away with anything? You think Libby or Cheney are going to get away with anything? (*Laughs.*) Those guys are suffering like you wouldn't believe. Can you imagine what it is like in that White House right now? Nothing is working for those guys. It's demons. They fuck up everything. That's a demon's job.

What is your final wish?

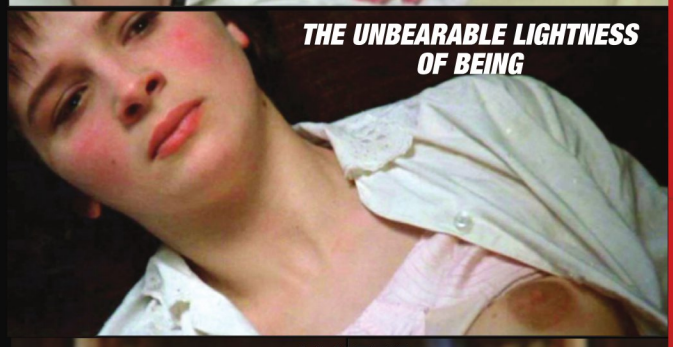
HUSTLER has got this first. When I die, I want to be cremated and have my ashes divided amongst all the growers and put into pot plants so there will be a new strain of Chong Gold, man. "Hey, try this: It's Chongo!"



MOVIE Mammaries

DAMAGE

JET LAG


THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING

LA VIE DE FAMILLE

JULIETTE BINOCHE

HERE'S A PEEK AT THE PROPER PEAKS of two well-respected (and well-endowed) actresses, **Juliette Binoche** and **Helena Bonham Carter**. Both of these lovely ladies have offered lengthy looks at their lovely yabos on film. But if you're like us, you've never enjoyed any of that captivating topless action, mainly because these thespians have chosen to showcase their cinematic flesh in what are known as "arthouse" films. You know, those period pieces, foreign epics and drawn-out dramas that only college students, gays and annoying girlfriends who want to be taken seriously go to see. We always say, if there aren't fiery car crashes and stuff being blown to bits and pieces, it ain't a real movie. Unless there are tits! And brother, trust us, we've dug up some entertaining flicks that are also seriously busting out with breathtaking boobs.

Let's begin with **Juliette Binoche**'s bouncing beauties, which popped out in the 1985 French film *La Vie de Famille*. This hard-to-find gem is a jaunty little romp about love, family and—thankfully—sex. More importantly, *La Vie* featured the world's first glimpse at Juliette's juicy jugs.

In one of her most famous art films ever, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (1988), Binoche really gives (and shows) her all alongside costar **Daniel Day-Lewis**. We not only get to see clear views of the mademoiselle's breasts and backside, but of her bountiful bush as well.

This was followed by another French epic, 1991's *Les Amants du Pont-Neuf*, which we know absolutely nothing about except that Binoche is completely naked in what appears to be some sort of a cage. In our opinion, the actress was at her best and in top form in 1992's *Damage*. This drama about bondage and abuse is packed with tons of steamy topless moments.

The English Patient (1996) is probably the only film on our list that some of us had to sit through in a theater. (Again, blame that pseudo-intellectual-yet-hot ex-girlfriend.) This one may be worth watching with your lover, as she'll be immersed in a sensitive love story that will make her weep, while we get to ogle Juliette's assets.

Binoche followed this breakout role with *Jet Lag* (2002), wherein her nice little nipples make a brief appearance. Meanwhile, the simulated sex scene in *Breaking and Entering* from 2006 is so hot, it may have you breaking and entering into a box of tissues and a bottle of Lubriderm.

THE ENGLISH PATIENT

HELENA BONHAM CARTER

CONVERSATIONS WITH OTHER WOMEN

LADY JANE

MARGARET'S MUSEUM

GETTING IT RIGHT

Helena Bonham Carter is best known for her lengthy résumé of mainstream movies, including *Big Fish*, *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*, *Fight Club* and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*. We've decided to ignore those flicks in favor of scoping Carter's more revealing and deeply artistic works—you know, the ones in which she flashes the goods. First off, this Englishwoman has arguably shown more onscreen bush than any other contemporary star of her caliber.

Carter burst onto the silver screen in 1986's *Lady Jane*. Even though the period piece is darkly lit, you can still thankfully see—as movie history is being made—the then-struggling starlet's bosom on display for the very first time.

Three years later, Carter let us savor those porcelain-skinned breasts again as they broke free in *Getting It Right*. Her portrayal of a crazy goth gal not only was truly convincing, but it also may have been what first fascinated oddball director **Tim Burton**, her longtime beau.

Next, the 1995 thriller *Margaret's Museum* showcases Carter's true talents in a supersexy shower scene. We think there should be an Academy Award for wetness.

Luckily, *The Wings of the Dove* (1997) does not feature any birds—or anything with wings for that matter. Instead, the film presents clear and extra-special shots of Helena's hot hooters and apple-bottomed ass. Let's just say the lady's fanny is awesome to behold. Pure cinematic genius! That same year, she was quite fetching as a seductress in *A Merry War*, an adaptation of a George Orwell novel.

For another helping of simulated getting it on with a British accent, complete with unimpeded views of the star's titties, check out *Till Human Voices Wake Us* (2001) or our personal favorite, the black comedy *Novocaine* (2001). This outing paired Carter's casabas with Steve Martin, yielding hilarious results and some fine exposure of the damsel's nubile nipples.

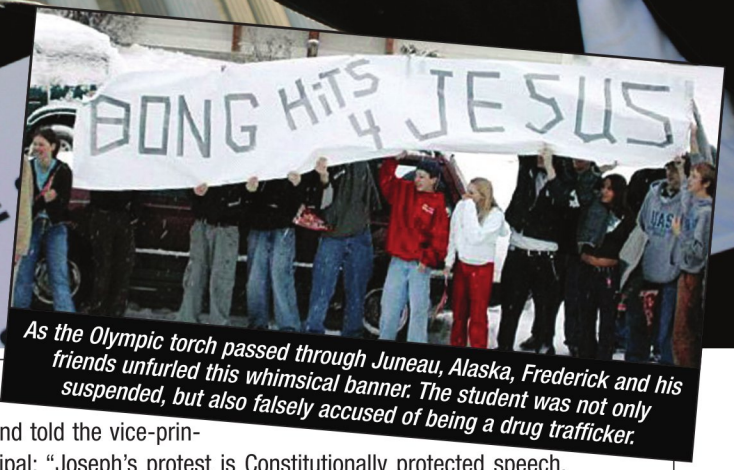
If you still find yourself hungry for more appetizing shots of this tasty English muffin, then *The Heart of Me* (2002) and ye olde tyme tale *Henry VIII* (2003) might also be worth checking out. Sadly, Helena's last blast of breast came in 2005's *Conversations With Other Women*. It seems that her upcoming role opposite **Johnny Depp** in Tim Burton's *Sweeney Todd* won't, alas, feature any nudity—our definition of a true Shakespearean tragedy. We hope that this is only a momentary lapse in judgment and that the once-unabashed actress will again take roles in serious art films, so we can enthusiastically say "Get Carter!"

Remember, every month HUSTLER puts out the best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' input. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

AMERICA, HOME OF THE FREEDOM ILLUSION

DO STUDENTS HAVE THE RIGHTS THEY'RE TAUGHT IN SCHOOL?

Joe Frederick took his free speech case all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court.



As the Olympic torch passed through Juneau, Alaska, Frederick and his friends unfurled this whimsical banner. The student was not only suspended, but also falsely accused of being a drug trafficker.

INSET PHOTOS COURTESY JOE FREDERICK

BY JOE FREDERICK

THIS IS THE STORY OF A HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR from Alaska who refused to bow down in submission before authority, making a simple assertion that students have Constitutional rights too.

It started innocently enough. During my senior year at Juneau-Douglas High, I'd give my girlfriend, Makana, a ride to and from school. Since I didn't have a full schedule, I'd sit in the student commons area and read while waiting for Makana's last class to end.

One day, as I read *The Stranger* by Albert Camus, Vice-Principal Staley approached, wanting to know what I was doing there. I explained I was waiting for my girlfriend. Mr. Staley stated that if I didn't have class, I had to leave the school grounds because students weren't allowed in the commons area without supervision.

I informed the vice-principal that, as a senior, it was ridiculous I couldn't wait in the commons for my girlfriend. Mr. Staley ordered me off campus, but I refused to depart. Mr. Staley called the Juneau Police Department, and two officers advised me I would be arrested for trespassing if I didn't immediately leave the premises. I replied that I'd leave, but I didn't understand how a student could be arrested for reading a book at a high school he attended.

Although I was aware of many other student-related injustices, I paid them no mind since they'd never personally involved me. This time I *was* involved—and it was the start of an escalating abuse of power.

The next day at school, during the Pledge of Allegiance, I turned my chair around, sitting with my back to the flag, symbolically protesting an administration clearly lacking common sense. The school contacted my father and informed him that the administration was going to suspend me for ten days for refusing to recite the pledge after being instructed to do so.

My father came to the school, listened to my reasons for protesting and told the vice-principal: "Joseph's protest is Constitutionally protected speech. I'll appeal any decision to suspend him."

Mr. Staley later contacted my father with word that I wouldn't be suspended but that my refusal to recite the pledge would be on my record.

As a junior at Juneau-Douglas, I'd taken an American Justice class that covered the Bill of Rights. It came in handy as I decided to devise a plan that would clearly be Constitutionally protected speech, as well as funny, controversial and embarrassing to the administration.

My friends and I brainstormed, but could not agree upon a plan. One day my girlfriend pointed out a snowboard sticker that read: "Bong Hits 4 Jesus." Eureka! This was the protected speech and parody that was perfect for our planned free speech experiment.

During the 2002 Olympic Torch Relay—which CNN was covering—we would unfurl a banner bearing this nonsensical phrase on private property across the street from the school. My friends and I joked about the message, saying it meant "Bring On National Games—Head Into Town for Jesus." I insisted the sign was funny, really didn't have a meaning and was just a parody that could be subjectively interpreted to mean whatever anyone wanted it to. I believed that I'd thought it all out and that this demonstration of student free speech rights would protect us from any retaliation.

The day of the relay, pupils were let out of class to watch. Some stayed at school, others went to McDonald's, etc. Across the street, students and others waited for the Olympic torch to pass. When it arrived, my friends and I unfurled our "Bong Hits 4 Jesus" banner as CNN captured our stunt for the entire nation.

As Principal Deb Morse ran across the street, everyone scattered, with the exception of myself and my friend Ryan. Ms. Morse jerked the banner

from my hand. I asked, "What about my First Amendment rights of free speech?"

Ms. Morse replied, "High school students do not have free speech! You and Ryan come to my office!"

In the principal's office I again inquired about our Constitutional rights, and Ms. Morse said, "High school students do not have Constitutional rights, and you are under school authority from the time you walk out your door to go to school until you return home. You're both suspended for five days."

I tried to defend myself: "Ms. Morse, Thomas Jefferson said, 'Speech limited is speech lost.' Voltaire said, 'You may not agree with the message, but you should defend my right to think it, speak it and write it.'"

Ms. Morse responded, "Joseph, you just earned yourself an additional five days' suspension."

(Students beware: It is a suspendable offense to quote Founding Fathers or French philosophers.)

Viewing this as a clear First Amendment violation, I went home and immediately wrote a letter to the American Civil Liberties Union. Meanwhile, I had no idea the school was asserting that the banner message promoted drug use, which was ludicrous.

As part of the suspension process, we were given "no trespass" instructions, including schematic drawings of school property that we were prohibited from entering. The school district's policy was to add one additional day of suspension per trespass violation. During my suspension, I'd pick my girlfriend up after school, sometimes waiting at the Juneau Borough Agusta Brown pool because it was clearly off school property.

One day while I parked there, the school called the police, insisting I be arrested for trespassing. Six Juneau policemen converged on me, stating they were arresting me and impounding my car. I repeatedly asked them to look at the school's schematic plan so they could see I wasn't trespassing, but they refused. The officers prevented Makana from calling my dad. I was jailed, my car impounded.

A search warrant obtained hours after my arrest stated that the police believed they'd find on my person large amounts of cash obtained from illegal drug transactions, plus lots of drugs in my car. However, when I was booked, I had 15 cents in my pocket. Although police tore my car apart, the only thing they found of interest was a straw in a Taco Bell cup—which Juneau's finest listed as drug paraphernalia.

Although it was wintertime in Alaska, I was released wearing only a T-shirt (my jacket was still in the car) and without enough money for a phone call. I had to walk three miles home with the temperature around ten degrees.

In the meantime, my employer saw my car about to be towed and asked the tow truck driver what was happening. The guy replied that he was impounding my vehicle and that the police had told him it belonged to a drug dealer going away for a long time. My employer, upset, called my father.

Trespassing charges were subsequently dropped, and no drug charges were filed. I filed a suit for false arrest and violations of civil rights, and the city quickly settled out of court.

When I returned to school, I was pulled out of my first-period class and told to go to the vice-principal's office. There I was introduced to an outside drug-interdiction official, who said, "Joseph, I'm here to help you with your drug addiction."

I looked at them and said, "I don't have a drug problem or use illegal drugs. Who's saying I am?"

The drug-interdiction official muttered, "Your high school says you have a drug problem." I walked away in total disgust.

The upshot was my father made me take drug-screening tests for four straight months; all were negative. The only apology I ever received came from my father, for doubting me.

There were other retaliations, including suspension for part of a day thanks to my poem in the school's 2002 yearbook. It included the verse "Achieve your glory/Fast and free/Live the story/Of anarchy."

On April 25, 2002, I filed a civil rights lawsuit against Principal Deb Morse and the school board in Alaska's U.S. District Court. My father—the risk manager and chief underwriter for the company that insured the Juneau school district—also suffered due to my situation. When I graduated high school and went to a Texas university, the company threatened my father's position if I did not drop the litigation. Refusing to be intimidated, Dad was demoted, then terminated.

When I apologized to my father, he advised: "Joe, there are bigger issues at stake here than my job security. Besides, your dad doesn't like to be threatened."

Suspension for ten days and denying me my education clearly violated my First Amendment rights. Juneau-Douglas High's administration started rewriting history, which was detailed by my excellent ACLU attorney, Douglas Mertz. However, the federal court ruled against me, so I appealed to the U.S. 9th Circuit Court of Appeals.

In March 2006 that court made a unanimous decision in favor of my freedom of speech case, *Frederick* v. *Morse*, without a dissenting opinion. The school district then hired former Clinton Special Prosecutor Kenneth Starr and appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court, which heard my case on March 19, 2007.

Unfortunately, on June 25 the Supreme Court ruled against me, 5-4. The only way the conservative majority could find that my "Bong Hits 4 Jesus" banner was outside the Bill of Rights' free speech protections was by totally ignoring indisputable evidence that my intent was to clearly demonstrate the state of First Amendment protections in my community. Both the U.S. District Court in Alaska and the 9th Circuit Court had recognized and agreed with this point.

It is disappointing and almost absurd that the Supreme Court's conservative majority put their heads in the sand like ostriches and chose to ignore the record, attributing an inaccurate motive of drug promotion to my banner. These reactionaries should be ashamed for ignoring the record.

Delivering a severe blow to liberty, the High Court ruled to censure and restrict the First Amendment. The decision by the extreme right-wing, Bush-appointed justices was disappointing, but not very surprising considering all that has occurred since September 11 and the implementation of the infamous USA PATRIOT Act.

I never thought I'd live in an America where a citizen could be arrested, detained indefinitely without being charged and denied the right to legal counsel and a speedy trial. In addition, habeas corpus and the Fourth Amendment protection against unreasonable search and seizure and invasion of privacy have been eliminated. Now our government has the right to conduct with impunity all forms of electronic eavesdropping, examine our financial and medical records, read our mail—all without ever having to show reasonable or probable cause.

Our Founding Fathers are spinning in their graves. Under Bush's watch, students can be taught about the Constitution in history and civics classes. But they'll find out how many Constitutional rights they *really* have when they try to use them.

THE GOP IS READY TO RIG 2008

The mighty election-theft machine Karl Rove used to steal the U.S. Presidency in 2000 and 2004 is still largely in place for the upcoming 2008 election. Rove resigned from the Bush White House in August 2007, so he could better serve the RNC by greasing the skids for another GOP electoral theft.

The Republicans' proven dual strategy is to disenfranchise as many likely Democratic voters as possible while making it ever easier to rig the vote count with electronic machines.

"Voter fraud" is the hot-button cry for the disenfranchisement campaign. The GOP media machine will likely turn its fire on "illegal immigrants." Shadowy Republican organizations like the now-defunct American Center for Voting Rights (ACVR) claimed thousands of lawbreakers were continually trying to vote fraudulently. ACVR President Thor Hearne accused the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) of using crack cocaine as an "incentive" for fraudulent registrations.

But his "proof" seemed to be manufactured by an obscure front group, the Free Enterprise Coalition, linked to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. In fact, attempts to vote fraudulently are relatively infrequent. The real GOP aim is to shut down voter registration organizations that work to guarantee voter rights for working, minority, poor and young people.

Bush has fired at least eight federal attorneys who refused to prosecute organizations such as the NAACP, Project VOTE and the Association of Communities Organizing for Reform Now (ACORN), which sign up thousands of new voters. Former federal attorney David Iglesias of New Mexico says Republican operatives "repeatedly pushed" him to shut down voter registration operations on false charges. When he refused, Iglesias was fired by Attorney General Alberto Gonzales.

Ex-employees also charge that Bush has moved the Justice Department's voting rights division away from its mandate to help Americans vote. Just four days prior to the 2004 vote, Assistant Attorney General Alex Acosta, the civil rights chief of the Bush Justice Department, wrote to a federal judge in Ohio asking him to approve policies that would disenfranchise thousands of black voters. Nearly 25% of all voters—the vast majority black—were ultimately purged from Cleveland's voters rolls.

The move almost certainly had a significant impact on Bush's subsequent victory in the Electoral College. Joseph Rich, a former chief of the Justice Department's Voting Rights Section, has called the Ohio scheme "vote caging," an illegal method of eliminating voters from the registration rolls. A 35-year veteran, Rich resigned in protest of Bush policies that "skewed aspects of law enforcement in ways that clearly were intended to influence the outcome of the elections."

Greg Palast has reported that GOP caging schemes targeted the voting rights of mostly black troops fighting in Iraq. Republican legislatures throughout the U.S. are pushing laws to make voter registration campaigns all but impossible.

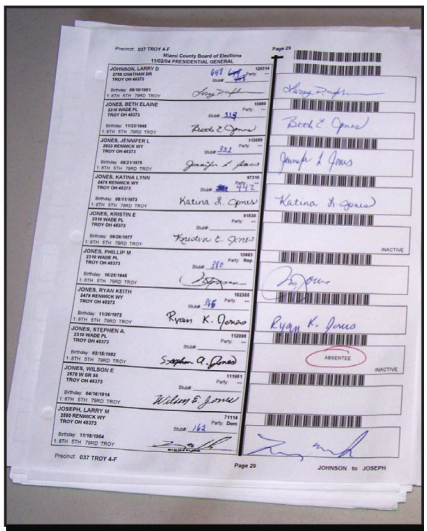
The GOP is also using the "voter fraud" scam to push for mandatory photo IDs at the polls, a method meant to discriminate against poor and minority citizens. The courts have already ruled the measure constitutes an unconstitutional "poll tax" and that it opens the door for a national identification card, but Republican activists are still pushing for it.

Meanwhile, Bush has turned the Help America Vote Act (HAVA), which was passed in reaction to the theft of the 2000 election, into a tool for spreading electronic voting machines that the GOP can easily rig. Numerous studies by the Government Accountability Office and others all showed that e-voting results can be flipped with a simple Wi-Fi laptop.

After extensive tests, California Secretary of State Debra Bowen decertified nearly all e-voting devices, allowing just one carefully monitored machine per precinct for handicapped voters. The governors of Florida and Maryland have also called for paper ballots to replace touch-screen voting machines.

Yet the Bush Administration continues to use the billions of taxpayer dollars set aside under HAVA by former U.S. Representative Bob Ney (now in prison) to force e-voting down America's throat.

It is also covering its tracks from the stolen 2004 election. Should Bush let the 2008 election happen, coverups similar to the theft of Ohio's 2004 election would certainly follow a "surprise" GOP victory.



A poll book of the type illegally discarded by as many as 56 of the 88 county election boards in Ohio.

(continued from page 59) Department has provided additional hardware to decimate the basic human rights of our citizenry. Under the guise of dealing with the "immigration problem," large concentration camps are under construction around the U.S. (See *It Can Happen Here*, beginning on page 52.)

The administration has endorsed and is exercising its "right" to employ torture, contrary to the Eighth Amendment and to a wide range of international treaties, which Gonzales has labeled "quaint."

With 150-plus "signing statements" challenging over 1,150 laws, the administration acts on its belief that the "unitary executive" trumps the power of the legislative branch in any instance it chooses. This belief has been further enforced with the administration's use of a wide range of precedent-setting arguments to keep its functionaries from testifying before Congress.

There is much more. In all instances, the 109th Congress—and the public—have rolled over without significant resistance.

Most crucial now are Presidential Directive #51, Executive Orders #13303, #13315, #13350, #13364, #13422, #13438 and more, by which Bush has granted himself an immense arsenal of powers for which the term "dictatorial" is a modest understatement. In particular, the May 9, 2007, Presidential Directive and July 17, 2007, Executive Order give the President the power to suspend Congress and the judiciary and to seize the assets of anyone they choose.

The Founders established our government with checks and balances, but executive orders have accumulated important

precedent. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation declared an end to slavery in the South, Franklin Roosevelt's Executive Order #8802 established the Fair Employment Practices Commission, and Harry Truman's Executive Order #9981 desegregated the military. Most to the point, FDR's Executive Order #9066 ordered the forcible internment of 120,000-plus people of Japanese descent into the now-infamous concentration camps of World War II.

There is also precedent for a President overriding the Supreme Court. In the 1830s Chief Justice John Marshall enshrined the right of the Cherokee Nation to sovereignty over its ancestral land in the Appalachian Mountains. But President Andrew Jackson scorned the decision, sending 14,000 Native Americans at gunpoint to Oklahoma.

All this will be relevant should Team Bush envision a defeat in the 2008 election and decide to call it off. It's well established that Richard Nixon—mentor to Karl Rove and Dick Cheney—commissioned the Huston Plan, which detailed how to cancel the 1972 election.

Today we must ask: Who would stop this administration from taking dictatorial power in the instance of a "national emergency," such as a terror attack at a nuclear power plant or something similar?

Nothing in the behavior of this Congress indicates that it is capable of significant resistance. Impeachment seems beyond it. Nor does it appear that Congress would actually remove Bush if it did put him on trial. Short of that, Bush clearly does not view anything Congress might do as a meaningful impediment. After all, how many divisions does the Congress command?

The Supreme Court, as currently constituted, would almost certainly rubber-stamp a Bush coup. If not, like Jackson, Bush could ignore it as easily as he would ignore Congress.

What does that leave? There is much idle speculation now about what the armed forces would do. We also hear loose talk about "90 million gun owners."

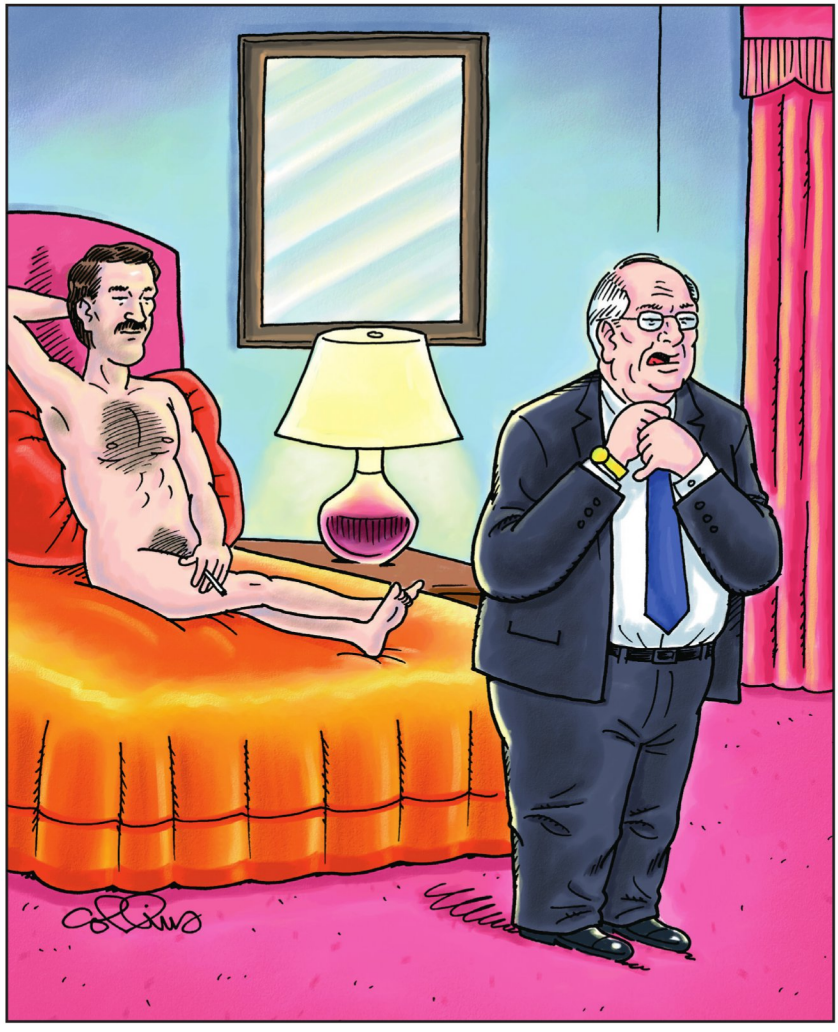
From the public side, the only conceivable counterforce might be a national strike or an effective long-term campaign of general noncooperation.

But we can certainly assume the mainstream media will give lockstep support to whatever the regime says and does. It's also a given that those likely to lead the resistance will immediately land in those new prisons being built by Halliburton.

So how do we cope with the harsh realities of such a Bush/Cheney/Rove dictatorial coup? We may have about a year to prepare. Every possible scenario needs to be discussed in excruciating detail. Only one thing is certain: An aroused citizenry is our greatest defense.

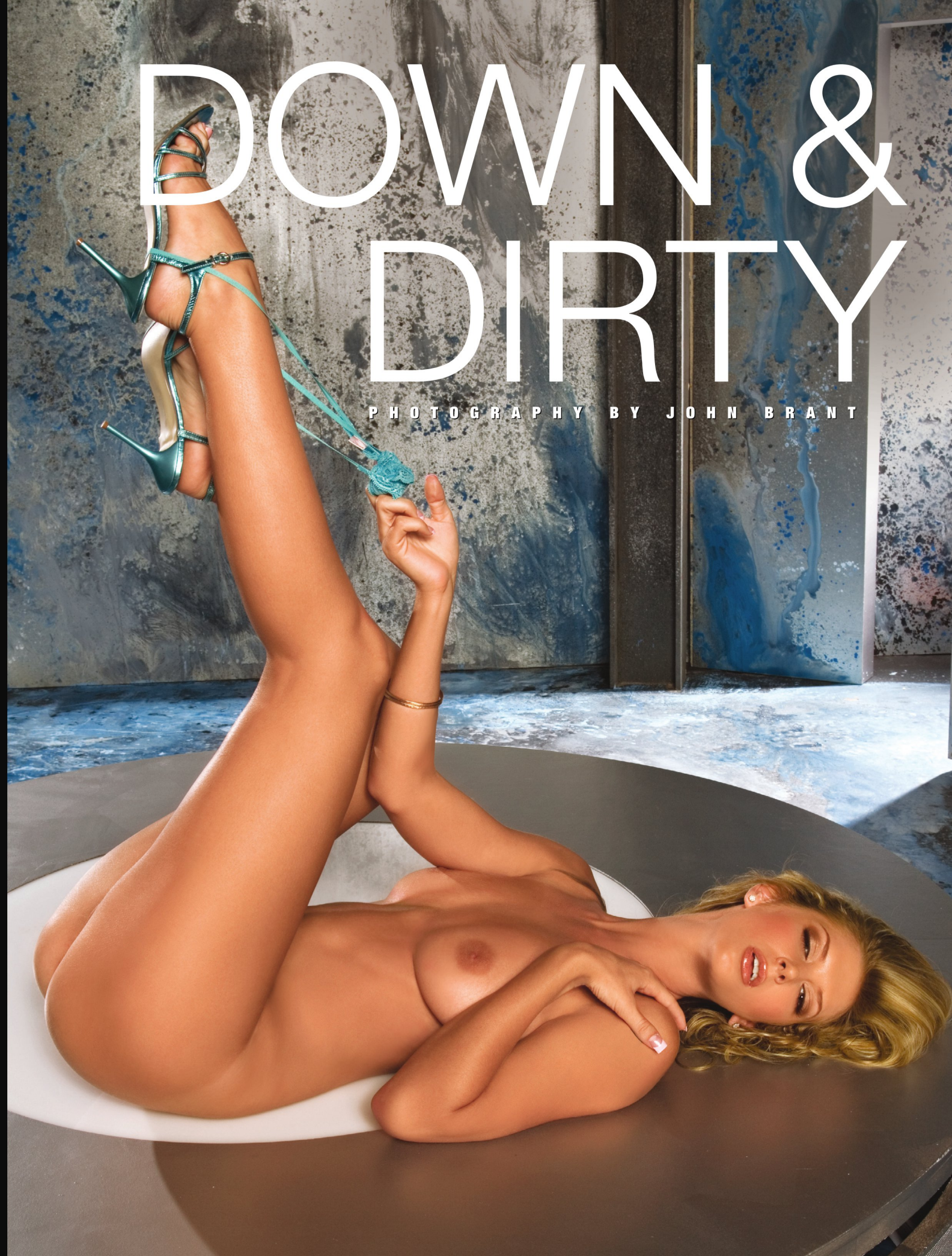
Bob Fitrakis is publisher and editor of Columbus, Ohio's progressive newspaper The Free Press, and Harvey Wasserman is its senior editor. They are coauthors of How the GOP Stole America's 2004 Election & Is Rigging 2008 and What Happened in Ohio?—available at booksellers, FreePress.org and HarveyWasserman.com.

MISS SOUTH CAROLINA
Proof positive that President Bush's NO CHILD LEFT BEHIND program is a complete and total
FAILURE!
SOUTH CAROLINA
McLeaky



"I have to get back to Congress. There's a big vote on banning marriage for queers."

BROOKE BANNER


DOWN &
DIRTY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

Brooke Banner has one thing on her mind. "Sex, baby," she purrs. "I'm all about sex. I not only love it, but I need it all the time. That's why I got into modeling and porn in the first place, so I'd have the freedom to get it on whenever and with whomever I want. I can't imagine doing anything else for a living."

Besides stripping down for still shoots or having sex in front of the camera, this energetic siren loves to light up the night. “Living close to Las Vegas is so great because I love to stay up late partying and dancing. When I was growing up in Florida, I was bored and restless all the time. There was nothing to do but go to the Dairy Queen. In Vegas you never run out of things or guys to do. It’s a 24-hour party.”

Asked to fill us in on her future plans, the tantalizing tart exclaims, “More porn! More sex! More fun! I just finished my 200th film, and I hope to do at least 200 more. Maybe someday I’ll set up my own production company or maybe even run a cool club. Whatever I do, it’s going to involve sex and partying.”

BROOKE'S VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: Henderson, Nevada
AGE: 25
BIRTH SIGN: Libra
HEIGHT: 5-8

See **Brooke** make it cook in *Busty Beauties: More Than a Handful*, *Larry Flynt's Private Collection #2*, *HUSTLER's Young Sluts, Inc. #15*, *Young Girls' Fantasies #7* and *Hot Showers #12* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

"Don't eat it all, because if I know my husband, he's gonna want to eat something when he gets home!"

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

ANIMAL RIGHTS EXTREMISTS SEEK AN EYE FOR AN EYE

UCLA's Matt Knapp uncovers some not-so-funny monkey business.

Arthur Rosenbaum, a pediatric ophthalmologist and researcher at UCLA's Jules Stein Eye Institute, is in the crosshairs of an increasingly violent animal rights terrorist protest. This direct action is aimed at impeding his research at all costs—even if that may mean ending his life.

The Animal Liberation Brigade (ALB) launched a militant campaign on the night of June 24, 2007, when a firebomb—which turned out to be a dud—was placed under Rosenbaum's BMW as it sat in the carport of the doctor's residence. The animal rights extremists claimed responsibility for the act in a June 27 communiqué contending: "He and his wife…are the target of rebellion for the vile and evil things he does to primates at UCLA. We have seen by [sic] our own eyes the torture on fully concious [sic] primates in his lab. We have heard their whimpers and screeches of pain. Seeing this drove one of us to rush out and vomit. We have seen hell and its [sic] in Rosenbaums [sic] lab."

The Barbi Twins and ex-wrestler Chyna lend star power to a 2007 protest against primate experimentation at UCLA.

The typo-filled communiqué went on to warn: "Rosenbaum, you need to watch your back because next time you are in the operating room or walking to your office you just might be facing injections into your eyes like the primates, you sick twisted fuck."

What has Rosenbaum allegedly done to receive such a violent reaction? According to his National Institutes of Health grant, the researcher is working on correcting strabismus (severe cross-eyedness). To do so, Rosenbaum reportedly uses primates as guinea pigs. The lab experiments artificially create the ocular condition in monkeys through the use of a metal device that restricts their movements. Then, while the monkey is still conscious, researchers implant a sclera coil into each eye so as to record what effects (if any) Rosenbaum's injections have on the restricted eye movement of the animal. One of the experiments includes injecting botox into an unanesthetized subject's eyes, to determine what, if any, effect this has on the primate's strabismus.

The June 24 attempted firebombing of Rosenbaum's luxury auto was just the beginning. During the second week of July, the LAPD bomb squad visited Rosenbaum's posh Bel-Air neighborhood twice in two days. The first was due to a reported bomb threat, followed by a "suspicious package" sighting near his home the following day. Nobody took responsibility for these actions. Then, on July 30, the L.A.-based Animal Liberation Press Office released a statement sent by an unidentified source that claimed an "interesting package" was being sent to Rosenbaum's home, further alarming the UCLA researcher and his wife. (As of this writing, there have been no further developments regarding this threat.)

The August 8 *L.A. Weekly* quoted Oren Segal, codirector of the Anti-Defamation League's Center on Extremism in New York City, as saying: "Los Angeles, for now, is the epicenter of this movement. … We've seen a lot of humans targeted overseas, and now it's happening here." The *Weekly* added that UCLA is the underground movement's "ground zero."

Indeed, this isn't the first time UCLA has come under the vengeful eye of animal rights extremists. In July 2006, the Animal Liberation Front (ALF)—labeled a "terrorist threat" by the Department of Homeland Security in 2005—intended to leave an incendiary device at the home of another UCLA primate researcher. However, the militants mistakenly left the firebomb on the doorstep of a 70-year-old woman who had no connection to UCLA, let alone to any "primate abuse." This device also failed to detonate, and a $30,000 reward is being offered for information leading to the arrest of the perpetrators.

Understandably, the recent spate of "domestic terrorism" has put students and faculty at UCLA on edge, especially since animal rights extremists appear to value the lives of animals more than those of humans.

Despite the sustained illegal activity of some of its members—actions that threaten to discredit the animal rights movement as a whole—ALF spokespersons continue to maintain that the organization is nonviolent.

UCLA junior Matt Knapp, a history buff who once interned for HUSTLER Video's marketing department, is a philosophy major attending classes at the university's extension program. For the Barbi Twins' stance on animal rights, see their Kitty Liberation Front article in the May '07 HUSTLER.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

Hasselbeck Hustled

Hell yes, Elizabeth Hasselfuck was finally your Asshole of the Month! [HUSTLER, November '07.] This article on her shed more light on how much of an evil fucking idiot she is. That bitch has some fucking nerve to do the things she has. Don't get me wrong. I believe everyone has the freedom to voice what's on his or her mind, but please make sure the noise your voice makes has some strength, intelligence and nonhypocrisy behind it. Otherwise, shut the fuck up!

Thanks and keep the truth coming! **—Joel P.**
Bay, Arkansas

Heil Coulter

I loved that cartoon dig at Ann Coulter in the August '07 issue! Is it true that the bitch has a Nazi swastika in a wreath tattooed on her left tit? **—G. Park**
Lilburn, Georgia

Hey, Ann, how about whipping out a tit so we can check for tats?

Can anyone even fathom what a self-loathing cunt Ann Coulter is? She actually said [to the *New York Observer*]: "If we took away women's right to vote, we'd never have to worry about another Democrat President. It's kind of a pipe dream, it's a personal fantasy of mine, but I don't think it's going to happen."

Talk about hating America! Statements like that show just how much right-wingers fear a true democracy. Keep spouting crap, Coulter. With any luck you'll drown in it!
—J.S. Johnson
Plattsburgh, New York

D'oh!

Little Lisa Simpson with a dick in her mouth?! [*Bits & Pieces*, November '07.] I like to think nothing shocks me, but I have to say I was pretty darn startled by that one. You guys sure do like to see how far you can stretch bad taste. This time I think you reached the breaking point. Oh well, judging by how long that show's been on the air, at least Lisa must be barely legal by now! **—J.E.**
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Hallowed Pages

Thanks for reprinting the infamous Jerry Falwell parody in your November '07 issue. It's hilarious that this is one of our country's historic First Amendment artifacts. It should be framed and hung in the Smithsonian! **—S.C.**
Duluth, Minnesota

Sicko in Chief

I was glad to see Michael Moore's *SiCKO* speech enshrined in print [*Michael Moore on America's Healthcare Nightmare*, December '07]. He nailed the problem with handing healthcare over to greedy, inhuman corporations. It is immoral. It is even more outrageous that, even after Moore's movie, Bush can still blatantly veto the children's health insurance bill. I had to read that headline twice. He vetoed healthcare for children! Bush again proves he is the ultimate sicko. **—F.J.**
Greensboro, North Carolina

Yes, Bree Olson hails from Woodburn, Indiana. To see her burning wood, check out our review of ***Filth Cums First*** *on opposite page.*

Burnin' for Bree

Bree Olson [Holiday '07] has got to be the cutest little fuck bunny I've ever seen. Is she really from a town called Woodburn?! Please give me another shot of Bree so I can burn some wood of my own! **—A.C.**
Webb City, Missouri

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS

THERE ARE 12 MEN ON MY TEAM and 13 support soldiers stationed at Firebase Thomas. We've been in Afghanistan four months now on a grueling schedule, patrolling the desert in 122-degree heat looking for the enemy. The men are exhausted mentally and physically, and I am searching for anything to keep morale high. Whatever you can spare—equipment, hats, T-shirts, magazines—would be greatly appreciated. Thanks for supporting these fine Americans.
—C.G., Special Forces, Somewhere in Afghanistan

A care package is on the way. Make sure you all come home safe and sound.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Madison Young, Nikki Coxx and Bree Olson (inset) prove the old adage ***Filth Cums First.***

FCF's Renae Cruz plays the Girl Most Likely to Suck Seed.

Filth Cums First

HANDHELD PICTURES/DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** ROBBY D. **STARRING:** BREE OLSON, BRIANNA LOVE, REBECA LINARES, MADISON YOUNG, SANDRA ROMAIN, RENAE CRUZ, NIKKI COXX, JERRY, RICO STRONG, TOMMY GUNN, MARCO BANDERAS & TONY DESERGIO.

Robby D.'s venture into semi-extreme gonzo at the helm of his new Handheld Pictures imprint is a two-disc, balls-to-the-wall fuckfest with a steamy lineup of prime anal talent. Four-alarm Chilean Rebeca Linares kicks off the action with a writhing, screeching performance that renders the standout scenes in most flicks obsolete. Udder-ly cute Bree Olson keeps the slut meter in the red with a goofy go-around as the starfucker who rolls ass over tit for porn-stud Tommy Gunn's dick, "just like a porn whore would." After sweet-toothed Sandra Romain begs to be filthy (she'll do anything for a taste of cake), the high points get hard to top, but on the whole, *Filth* rolls out a cunt-lovely cast of depraved dreamgals using their "moral impurity" to go that extra anal mile (there's even a don't-try-this-at-home warning at the beginning). Robby D.'s fluid, handheld HD and clean lighting display an uncanny sense of what the discriminating stroker wants to see. If *Filth Cums First*, you'll be nothing but trash every time you pop this instant classic into the player. These days, it's rare to see 30 bucks stretch this far. ***—M.J.***

*Screw the USO: **Coming Home**'s Kirsten Price boosts battlefield morale.*

*War ain't always hell: **Coming Home** AWACs Brooke Banner and Gianna Lynn (right) take it in the trenches.*

Coming Home

WICKED PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** BRAD ARMSTRONG. **STARRING:** KIRSTEN PRICE, KAYLA CARRERA, MIKAYLA, SAVANNAH STERN, SHYLA STYLEZ, VANESSA LANE, GIANNA LYNN, JADA FIRE, BROOKE BANNER, JESSICA DRAKE, BRAD ARMSTRONG, SCOTT LYONS, BARRETT BLADE, DERRICK PIERCE, MARCUS LONDON, CHARLES DERA, TYLER KNIGHT, CHRISTIAN, CHRIS CANNON & RANDY SPEARS.

In Wicked's latest big-budget attempt to Hollywoodize hard-core, working-class reservist Brian Parsons (Armstrong) gets the call-up to Iraq and asks his buddy to "look out for Sarah when I'm gone." Sarah is none other than fuck doll Kirsten Price, so it's a risky request, but apparently she loves her man (this is a couples-friendly flick). After she receives word that Brian took some fatal enemy ammo in Iraq, Sarah gets over him by fucking his buddy after all. Don't think this *Coming Home* is as politically engaged as that '70s Jane Fonda flick. The closest we get is a complaint that "the war was supposed to be over by now." In hour three, Brian comes home (without bothering to explain why the military said he was dead) and has to win his chick back—or at least revenge-fuck his buddy's ex. The ending shoots for some emotional resonance about how war kills something inside that never comes back. Armstrong handles that admirably, so props to him for trying to make porn meaningful. A lot of the scenes, though, tend to be overserious and underlit. Sure, it all looks more cinematic than your average smut, but who can jack off to soft and gloomy shots of half-naked girls ten feet away? Are they trying to hide the condoms? And why do the extras have better sex than the stars? But enough bitching! Who cares what a porn critic thinks?! The troops will want this flick in their care packages. What red-blooded grunt wouldn't want a naked Kirsten Price in pigtails hanging onto his Humvee while he bangs her sweet civilian snatch? Hooah! Besides, how could you not like a flick that recently raised thousands of charity dollars for war veterans at its release party? Way to welcome the boys back, Wicked! ***—M.J.***

Patriotic duty: Kirsten Price supports the troops and...

American Black Ass patriots Raven Sky, Donna Red (inset) and Misti Love (below) practice the fine art of flagpole-sitting.

*…keeps the **Coming Home** fires burning with her man's best buddy.*

American Black Ass

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** SHOOTER. **STARRING:** ALIANA LOVE, CASSIDY CLAY, DONNA RED, MISTI LOVE, RAVEN SKY, NAT TURNHER, JUSTIN LONG, JOHN E. DEPTH, DEEP THREAT & ROCK.

Don't try to accuse this flick of false advertising. This is authentic red-white-and-blue ghetto porn—the street shit—so real it looks like it was shot in some South Central living room with a camcorder and a flashlight. But who needs production values? As always, the fine chocolate dimes are the real currency here, and they're definitely worth your one-handed pledge of allegiance. The two Love girls (no relation that we know of) are bosomy, fresh BBQ-fed babes who obviously love suckin' and fuckin'. As looks go, the real bling is Cassidy Clay, but when it comes to the deep-dickin', she comes off a little too half-hearted (or too stoned)—and no one's even asking her to take it in the ass! "What?" you retort, "No anal in a movie called *American Black Ass* ?!" Did you see the word "anal" on that box cover? Didn't think so. Trust us, if you really love the bubble butt, you'll be just as happy whacking off to some of this good ol' fashioned pussy-pounding and watching those booties jiggle like Jell-O on the Fourth of July. ***—M.J.***

*Sinful Cindy: Leah Luv plays a **Not the Bradys** nymphet.*

*A **Brady** girl is always good: Aurora Snow, Hillary Scott (left inset) and mom Alana Evans (right inset) guard the family reputation.*

*Jasmine Byrne spoils the **Brady** boys.*

Not the Bradys XXX

X-PLAY/LFP VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** WILL RYDER. **STARRING:** HILLARY SCOTT, ALANA EVANS, AURORA SNOW, LEAH LUV, JASMINE BYRNE, VERONIQUE VEGA, PAULINA JAMES, MIKE HORNER, BENJAMIN BRAT, JAMES DEEN, MIKEY BUTDERS, KURT LOCKWOOD & TEE REEL. GUEST STARRING RON JEREMY.

Hillary Scott stars in one of the year's most anticipated releases, the *Brady Bunch* porn parody *Not the Bradys XXX*. As AVN's reigning Female Performer of the Year and Sex-Z Pictures' million-dollar contract girl, Hillary carries the film as sexy oldest sister Marcia. In a casting hat trick, fan favorite Aurora Snow plays middle sister Jan and Leah Luv (sporting her trademark braces) plays cute little Cindy. Plus, Jasmine Byrne, Veronique Vega and Paulina James inject some diversity into the cast as the Brady boys' sexual conquests. With nine mouths to feed and a mortgage hanging over their heads, the not-Bradys find themselves in dire financial straits. Naturally, Marcia contemplates turning to porn to help pay the bills. Meanwhile, the younger kids are growing up and feeling their oats, none more so than Peter (played by James Deen), who gets Veronique and Paulina into a wild threeway. It's widely known that *Brady Bunch* star Barry Williams lusted for TV mom Florence Henderson, but instead we get the quasi-incestuous pairing of step-siblings Marcia and Greg for the grand finale. Besides a six-pack of scorching scenes, the DVD is loaded with bonus features including behind-the-scenes footage and interviews. Come for the kitschy fun, but stay for the no-nonsense fuckfest. ***—Kevin Wright***

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THE GOOD THE BAD AND THE SLUTTY #2

ELEGANT ANGEL'S
BRIANNA LOVE IS BUTTWOMAN

TERAVISION'S
DAVE NAVARRO'S BROKEN

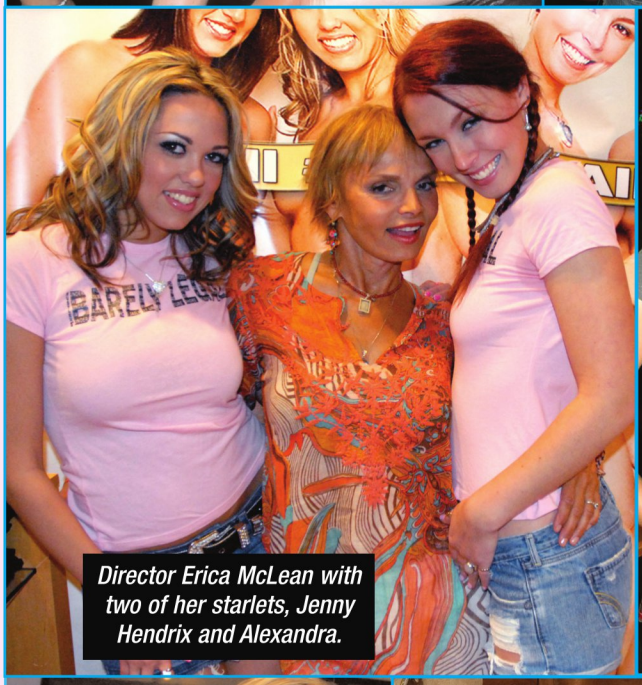
Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if you can get HUSTLER TV.

*See Bree Olson cum of age in **Barely Legal #70** this month on HUSTLER TV.*

75 Movies! AND STILL BARELY LEGAL

Superstar Audrey Hollander, here in **BL**'s Golden Anniversary Edition (#50), joined in to celebrate the series' diamond jubilee.

THE GLITTERING HUSTLER Hollywood store on the Sunset Strip heated up fast as a mouthwatering bunch of hotties gathered to sign DVDs and posters of *Barely Legal's 75th Anniversary Collector's Edition*. Fresh fleshpots Jenny Hendrix, Jayme Langford and many others in the #75 cast joined superstars Audrey Hollander and Nautica Thorn, both of whom got their start as *Barely Legal* lovelies. The diamond jubilee two-disc set, already busting sales records, includes a steamy documentary about porn's most consistently top-selling series. For more details, check out our stocking stuffer review in the Holiday '07 issue. —M.J.



Director Erica McLean with two of her starlets, Jenny Hendrix and Alexandra.

Nautica Thorn (right as a fresh kewpie in #48) also dropped by for the party.

The man behind **Barely Legal**: longtime series director Clive McLean (1944-2005).

The gals of **Barely Legal #75**: (from left to right) Alexis Love, Faye Runaway, McKenzee Miles, Alexandra, Aurora & Jenny Hendrix.

Jenny gives us some prime product placement.

Alexandra shines in #75.

Ass-assin Mya Luanna is out to **Kill Jill**…again.

KJ2 rivals Mya Luanna and Shyla Stylez warm up for the battle to cum.

Jean Val Jean disarms *KJ2* killer Lindsey Meadows.

Best supporting screw: Roxy DeVille upstages her **Kill Jill 2** costars.

Harmony Rose hones her skills at **Breaking & Entering**.

Kill Jill Volume 2

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** CAESAR BONOBO. **STARRING:** MYA LUANNA, ROXY DEVILLE, SHYLA STYLEZ, LINDSEY MEADOWS, JASMINE BYRNE, JILL KELLY, DEE, STEVEN ST. CROIX, DERRICK PIERCE, JEAN VAL JEAN & VAN DAMAGE.

Mya Luanna is back as the ass-kicking, cocksucking assassin trying to go straight in *Kill Jill Volume 2*. Roughly following Quentin Tarantino's *Kill Bill* sequel, we see Mya's ill-fated wedding ceremony and her quest for vengeance. Along the way, she learns the secret of the Exploding Orgasm technique from Pai Mei proxy Van Damage, who comically plays with his skinny white beard and calls our protagonist "young cockhopper." Mya shows off her bedroom skills in three of the five scenes, including a dildo throwdown with Daryl Hannah stand-in Shyla Stylez. After our petite French-Thai heroine "defeats" the bra-busting blonde, she rips out Shyla's good eye with her bare hands. The small supporting cast packs a big wallop. Roxy DeVille loves her some Steven St. Croix and it shows. The tattooed and pierced brunette steals the spotlight—along with Mya's groom—in a hot, aggressive scene where she squeals like a stuck pig and giggles like a schoolgirl. Jasmine Byrne and Dee reprise their roles from the first film, even if they do keep it in their pants this time. Plus, stay tuned after the credits to see Jill Kelly flash her 37Ds. Fans of the first *Kill Jill* have been waiting a long time for this, and now the circle is complete. ***—K.W.***

B&E's Memphis Monroe makes the crime worth the time.

Breaking & Entering

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** STUART CANTERBURY. **STARRING:** MEMPHIS MONROE, MYA LUANNA, BRITNEY STEVENS, PENNY FLAME, MICHELLE AVANTI, HARMONY ROSE, JEREMY STEELE, EVAN STONE, LEE STONE & NICK EAST.

It's a scientific fact that most chicks get off on danger. Nothing else gets the ol' adrenaline—amongst other hormones—pumping better than a little risk. *Breaking & Entering* is a quick and dirty flick that exploits this point in full. Harmony Rose's scene daringly starts off as a borderline rape fantasy. While the stunning blonde pulls over to rub one out, we see a would-be car thief throwing her over the hood and forcefully jamming his cock inside her. But within minutes she's splayed out with her legs thrown high in the air and said cock buried deep in her ass. The unlawful scenarios range from hard-core prison sex to two chicks lezzing out on the spot when they can't sneak into a club. It's all killer no filler with Memphis Monroe and Mya Luanna, plus über-hotties Harmony Rose and Penny Flame. But busty brunette Britney Stevens steals the spotlight by swearing like a drunken sailor and gushing like the Exxon Valdez. These chicks are so sexy it *should* be illegal, while the heart-racing scenarios make the sex hotter than a $10 Rolex.

—K.W.

***Flavors of the World** rivals Daisy Marie and Monica Mayhem (below) prove fashion success ain't about clothes.*

Flavors of the World

SIN CITY. **DIRECTOR:** JIM POWERS. **STARRING:** DAISY MARIE, MONICA MAYHEM, MARIE LUV, KEEANI LEI, LEXI BELLE, JENNIFER DARK, TRISTAN, LEE STONE, VAN DAMAGE, ALEX SANDERS, JAY LASSITER, SETH DICKENS, EDDIE CHARIZMA, NICK EAST, STEVE JAMES & JEREMY STEELE.

This is a tale of runway rivalry, ethnic diversity and all-semen diets. Down Under beauty Monica Mayhem sees her supremacy threatened when Latina stunner Daisy Marie shows up and stiffens every dick in the room. As the photographers (and every other dude) line up to break in the new girl, Monica manages to keep Daisy in her place by videotaping her gang-bang antics and threatening to release the tape—or something. But who cares about the goofy plot? Any chance to watch these two A-listers try to outfuck each other is worth the time and lack of effort. Toss in tasty choco-chick Marie Luv's anal skills, Keeani Lei's exclusive commitment to cum-eating ("That's why I look so fantastic") and some ridiculous stabs at acting, and you've got a four-star smut buffet with a bite for every taste. If for nothing else, you'll want it to keep your Daisy Marie collection complete.

—M.J.

KAYDEN KROSS & TOMMY GUNN

HOT ROD HOTTIE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

Gary

Gary

Oh, my! Looks like another rear-end collision.
Gary

Nice headlights!

Wow!
Talk about
shifting into
gear!

Guess he blew a head gasket.

SHE ROC

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

SAVANNAH STERN

KS!

The following telephone exchange took place while the gorgeous newcomer was basking on a beach in the Caribbean.

HUSTLER: How are you?

SAVANNAH STERN: Better than you! (*Laughs.*) I'm chilling down here in Jamaica, downing free rum punches at a pretty fast clip. Man, it's beautiful here. I love sunning my boobs.

So you're naked?

Basically. All I'm wearing is a tiny bikini and a smile.

Your photo-spread rocks. Do you?

I would love to be a rock singer someday, but right now I just party like a rock star! I am learning to play guitar though.

MODEL 5150
150 WATT LEAD

MODEL 5150
150 WATT LEAD

What kind of music do you like?

I love the classic rock bands like the Who, the Scorpions and the Police. I also dig hip-hop and reggae.

What really turns you on?

Lying on the beach in Jamaica. Gently touching myself. I also like….

And the phone went dead.

SAVANNAH'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Vancouver, Washington
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Taurus
HEIGHT: 5-7

See **Savannah** go down south in *Real College Girls #14*, *Lesbian Fantasies*, *Barely Legal Bachelor Party* and *Little White Girls #2* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.